SPECIAL:
error In Venezuela
& Russia 30 Years Later

35 CENTS
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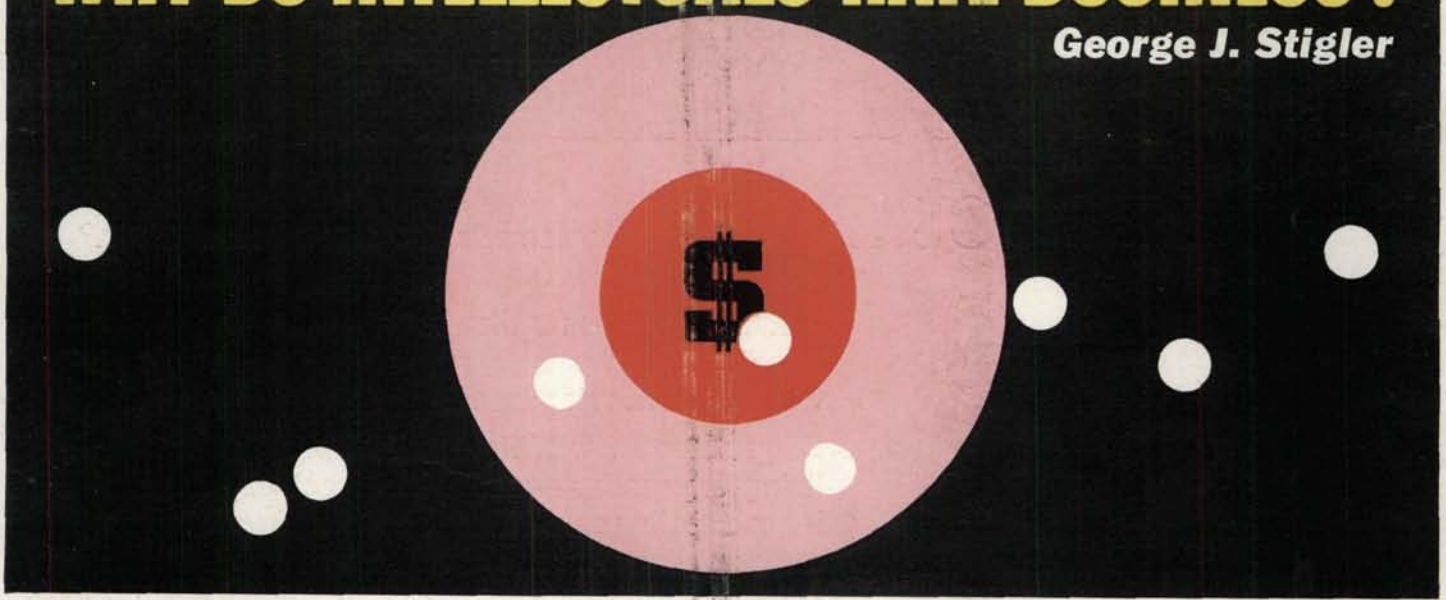
DECEMBER 3, 1963

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

WHY DO INTELLECTUALS HATE BUSINESS?

George J. Stigler



JFK's Christmas Present To Walter Reuther

WILLIAM SCHULZ

Also In This Issue:

WM. BUCKLEY FINDS THE EISENHOWER MEMOIRS A VENTURE IN TRIVIALITY ◆ THE HYANNIS PORT KID RIDES AGAIN ◆ & F. RUSSELL WRITES A PAEAN IN PRAISE OF THE APPLE

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In This Issue . . .

➔ The observant and omniscient **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** tells of his recent foray into Russia, where, thanks to his polyglot conversational prowess, he discovered quite a large and vociferous non-Communist world. . . . Prof. **George Stigler,** economist, lecturer, scholar, and former chairman of the National Bureau of Economic Research, takes a long and thoughtful look at the "not accidental" coincidence of the free enterprise system and the civilization that allows certain intellectuals to take potshots at same. . . . Our pseudonymous Man In Latin America, **"Robert Peter,"** turns his professional reporter's eye on Venezuela, where he sees the guerrilla strategy of Che Guevara at work, and parlous close to poisoning much more than Venezuela. . . . An anti-Communist free-lance journalist, writing under the name **Chris Scott,** draws on his extensive contacts among the Africans for a report on the UN's semi-conquest of Katanga, and the chances, ultimately, of freedom.

➔ **Russell Kirk,** writing from the outskirts of Greater Mecosta, encloses 2,200 years of thought and malpractice concerning villages, towns, and cities, and enters his evergreen plea for the reinvigoration of the ways of life in small communities. . . . One of the founders of the Young Americans for Freedom, and now an assistant to Fulton Lewis Jr., **William Schulz** tells how JFK solved the urgent national problem of finding a Christmas gift for one man who really does have everything, Walter Reuther. . . . **John Morressy,** high school teacher and fictioneer, fires a report from the hip on the summit conference of Red Nick, Big Frenchy, and the Kid, wherein the fast guns of the New West try something they'd best not try on Channel 4, or Geneva, for that matter, unless they *like* eating dust.

➔ **William Buckley** finds exactly eight pieces of new information in Dwight Eisenhower's memoirs, several pieces of misinformation, a dash of surrealism, and a leftover solecism, and testifies to his luck that, as a perquisite of office, he who reviews the book isn't shaken down for $6.95. . . . **Willmoore Kendall,** who would have invented the *Federalist* papers if Hamilton, Madison, and Jay hadn't already faced up to the chore, holds two new editions of that masterwork up before us, and by way of telling something of history and philosophy and previous editions and the pleasures of IBM confirmation of what *any* scholar already knew anyway, gives us an example of the enjoyment of true learning. . . . What Russell Kirk can do with the idea of small towns, **Francis Russell** can do, and herewith does, with apples. From the myths of ancient Greece, to an aged tree of Hubbardstons in Scituate, Massachusetts, there's something to be said for an apple, and he says it with fine texture, firm core, and juicy bite. . . . We inaugurate a Trans-o-Gram, *NR*-oriented by **Svend Petersen.** . . . And if you didn't know that **Ralph de Toledano** is a poet, read him now, and you'll remember. ➔

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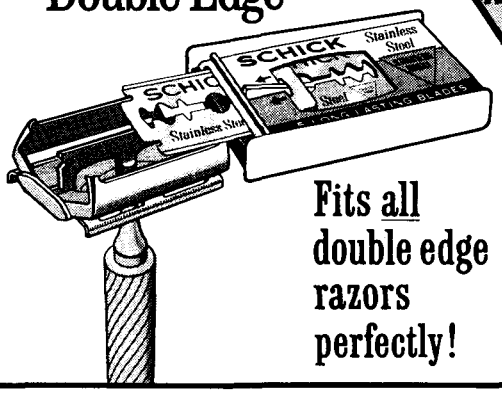

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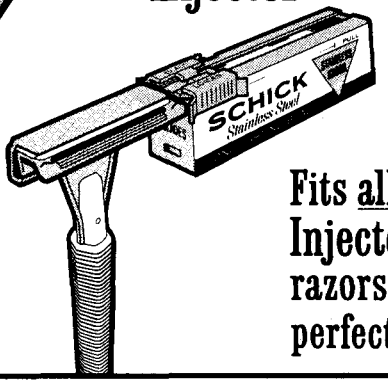

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The WEEK

● Going the rounds in Poland: Q. What's the difference between a Soviet dwarf and an American dwarf? A. The Soviet dwarf is bigger.

● The United States Court of Appeals in Richmond last week overturned a National Labor Relations Board decision which, if it had been allowed to stand, could have seriously constricted a basic freedom. In a 3-2 decision, the Court declared that "the power to command an employer to stay in business indefinitely or to assess him with damages for permanently going out of business is not an NLRB prerogative. Assumed by the Board in this case, it is denied here." The ruling dealt with the decision by the Darlington Manufacturing Company of Darlington, South Carolina, to shut down its operations and sell its Darlington plant after its employees had voted to join the United Textile Workers union in 1956. The company's position was that the Darlington mill, already operating at a loss, could not operate in the black as a unionized shop. The NLRB had found the Darlington Manufacturing Company and its parent company, Deering Milliken, Inc. "guilty of unfair labor practices," ordering it to pay wages to the 500 workers it had discharged in 1956 until those workers had obtained "substantially equivalent" jobs elsewhere. Judge Albert Bryan, writing the majority opinion, hammered home the basic point: "To go out of business in toto, or to discontinue it in part, permanently, at any time, we think was Darlington's absolute prerogative."

● At the request of the editors of *McCall's, Family Circle, Woman's Day, Good Housekeeping, Redbook, Parents'* and *Cosmopolitan,* Mr. Kennedy has graciously consented to advise the women of America on "How You Can Aid the Cause of Peace." His message, compounded of hollow predictables on Communism, coexistence, peace groups, fallout, the test-ban treaty, etc., appears in the November issues of all these journals where, amid the margarine ads and the Liz Taylor spreads, the illusions, contradictions, moral emptiness and sheer chintziness of the New Frontier ethos perfectly, and possibly for the first time, find their own level. In the room the women come and go, talking of Yevtushenko.

● What have civil rights got to do with disarmament? Why is Mrs. Martin Luther King going places, doing things, under the wilting banner of Dagmar Wilson's Women Strike for Peace? Apart from the fact that Mrs. King has long shared her husband's unfastidious taste for irrelevant causes (Holden Roberto's, Ben Bella's), it would appear that Senate ratification of the test-ban treaty has knocked the agitprop right out from under WSP, and Dangerous Daggie has had to recast the act by bringing in some live action. Mrs. King now gets featured billing and reciprocates by amending the civil-righters' slogan to "We want *peace* and freedom now." She said it, wearing a smart yellow turban, while picketing the UN recently, and she said it again, in another hat, just last month at the National Baptist Memorial Church in Washington, where she and Mrs. Wilson were joined on the platform by Gerard Piel, publisher of *Scientific American* and one of the early exponents of the "warfare state" thesis.

● Last May the question came up of union representation in the Aiken, South Carolina plant of Owens-Corning Fiberglas. The employees voted, 314 to 265, against unionization, in an election held under the auspices of the National Labor Relations Board and certified by the NLRB regional office in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, as having been conducted fairly. But the NLRB in Washington refused to accept the results, on the incredible and arbitrary grounds that the union had been unable to contact the employees in the same way as management had. Washington ordered another election, which was duly held on November 13 and 14, when the employees said No even louder than before—342 to 226 (excluding 95 votes challenged by the union). Just thought you'd like to know.

● Uh, What's-his-name, the Secretary of the Interior (we'll let you know when we think of it), was on the *Tonight* show the other night and was interrupted several times, in his pitch for government ownership of everything, by plain old commercials. Or maybe it was that his commercial was interrupted by plain old private utilities. Utilities. That's it, Udall. Stanley Udall, that's the fellow.

● Now that Mme. Nhu has left the country, it's quite a question whether the Kennedy Administration wants her to return. We called the State Department to find out about her visa status, and afer a multiple runaround we finally got a man who said Yes, he was the man in charge of Mme. Nhu's special case, and he'd have to call us back, after making investigations. Well, he *did* call back, with, alas, more geniality than information. To the question whether she'd be allowed to return, he said he couldn't say, but he could say that the President had just said "of course" she'd be. To the question whether she'd be allowed to stay, once readmitted, he said he "couldn't answer." To the question whether State had any pro-

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cedures for issuing visas, he said Yes-But (but she's a special case). No, there's no immigration quota for South Vietnam; and the oriental quota applies only to those of half or more than half Chinese blood. So there are no technical disqualifications standing in Madame Nhu's way, any more than in Tshombe's.

● WHAT WENT ON HERE? *El Universal* of Caracas (Oct. 11) reports this story told to it by Eusebio Mujal, for many years Secretary General of the *Confederación de Trabajadores Cubanos* (Cuban Labor Federation). In 1957, Mujal says, he was summoned to Washington by John Foster Dulles. Dulles told him that the American Government knew Fidel Castro was a Communist and was worried by his presence in the Sierra Maestra mountains. Castro's prestige came from his opposition to Fulgencio Batista, said Dulles, and once Batista was eliminated Castro would lose his following. Foster Dulles proposed to Mujal that he stage a coup against Batista. Mujal answered that it would be better for him to tell Batista that the United States Government was prepared to go to these lengths to get him out and try to persuade him to relinquish power voluntarily. Mujal returned to Havana. Batista at first refused to believe Mujal's story and checked it with U.S. Ambassador Earl Smith, who confirmed it. Finally, Batista agreed to step down but said he would need four months to get out his money and arrange his affairs. Four months went by and one day Mujal was called in by Ambassador Smith. The plan is off, Smith told him. The United States doesn't want to take any steps to hurt Castro or to endanger Batista's position. Unable to believe his ears, Mujal flew to Washington. But he couldn't get to see Dulles. Roy Rubottom, then Under Secretary of State, did confirm that the planned ouster of Batista had been dropped. Mujal insisted on seeing the Secretary and finally was granted a brief interview. Dulles merely told him the plan was off, and gave no explanation. Batista stayed.

● A short news item in the well-informed *Nation Française* tells the following story. On May 4, 1962, seventeen-year-old Daniel Facone was kidnaped in Algeria. His parents finally learn that he was freed between the 11th and 13th of June. He had been tortured, but he was alive. His parents search for him, but in vain. In April 1963, the International Red Cross notifies M. and Mme. Facone that their son, severely wounded around the face, is in a hospital at Nancy. The Red Cross in Marseilles confirms the story. At Nancy, the parents can learn nothing about their son. They are sent to Lyon. No trace of Daniel. A nun finally tells them that there are certain clandestine hospitals in France which take care of the wounded found in Algeria. These wounded are hidden because some of their injuries are too horrible to be seen, because neither France nor the world must know of them. That's the story. *Nation Française* adds to it this comment: The parents of Daniel Facone want only to find their child. They will hide him, if France is ashamed of what she allowed to happen. But haven't they the right to have him?

● As a "distasteful necessity," the parliament of Ghana the other day slapped an amendment onto the constitution allowing Nkrumah's government to place prisoners under detention for up to another five years after they have served five-year sentences. Some Ghanaian MPs confessed their repugnance for the act, saying it put them in mind of the things that go on in South Africa. Limit of detention in South Africa: ninety days.

● Who says anti-UN demonstrators have no dignity? Last October 20, some fifty persons, including consuls from Norway, Belgium and Canada, gathered before the City Hall of Warren, Michigan, officially to open UN Week observances. Just as the ceremony was about to commence, a hearse, followed by forty crêpe-hung cars, tooled sedately into view and swung into an adjacent parking lot. From the hearse, four pall-bearers gravely removed a black coffin draped with pink and white paper flowers and a gold-lettered sign spelling out the word KATANGA. The coffin became the cynosure of all eyes, especially those of the Belgian consul, as it was borne in solemn procession to the front of City Hall and then in a dead march about the park. The mourners, who numbered well over one hundred, carried placards similar to those displayed recently in Dallas, which, however, they discreetly refrained from bopping noggins with. The grand climax was reached as the UN flag rose up its staff, whereupon the procession turned its collective back and unfurled the Stars and Stripes, to which allegiance was pledged in loud, clear voices. The demonstrators identified themselves as members of WARN (Warren Association to Restore Nationalism). *Pace* on all counts, Miss Mitford.

● By now you know all about the author of *The American Way of Death*, the best-selling attack on American funerary habits by Miss Jessica Mitford, the crypt-o Communist. The incomparable Evelyn Waugh, who raked over the same grounds fifteen years ago in the marvelously funny *The Loved One*, has now declared on Mitford. "I sniff in Miss Mitford's jolly book," he said, gravely, "a taint of egalitarianism. She should note that it is only in death that the poor, at great expense, are able for the first and last time to taste ceremony and that they relish it. Moreover, I sniff a resentment that anyone at all (except presumably writers) should make any money out of anything. The presence of death makes the

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activities of undertakers more laughable but I feel she would have the same scorn of hatters or restaurateurs and express it as clearly if that gave the same *frisson.*"

● WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW DEPT. Two English medical researchers, Dr. Roger Berry and Mr. Wilfred Trillwood, have reported in the British Medical Journal that more research is needed on the "effect on the whole human body" of that substance which "laboratory evidence" proves to slow down "the growth of human cells," to wit: fluorides. Messrs. Berry and Trillwood are not members of the John Birch Society.

● New York City Health Commissioner Dr. George James testified last week that 38.5 per cent of the city's school children have had no dental care at all but that on the average, the school children have three cavities each. How do you get an average without checking the unchecked mouths of the 38.5?

● One thousand narcotics addicts in Los Angeles were polled on their political preferences, with the following results:

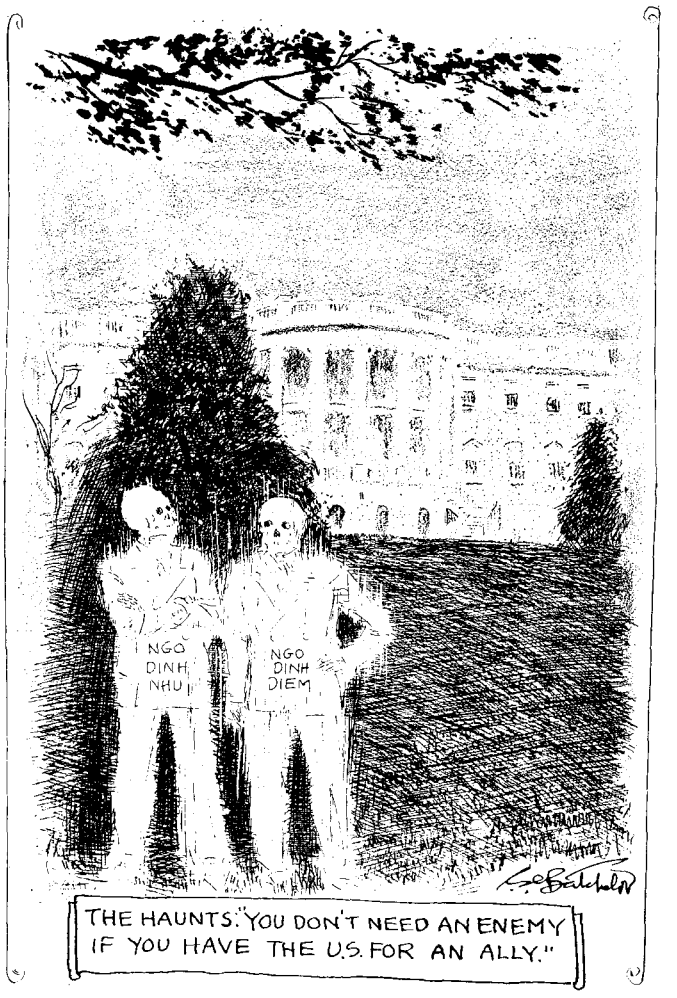
Democratic	991
Republican	8
Don't Know	1

Dr. Bernard W. Casselman, who conducted the poll, hastened to explain that "I really wasn't trying to give aid and comfort to the Republican Party, or even the John Birch Society. This is just the way my statistics worked out." Anyone can see there's no logic in the Connection.

Once Again: No-Win

The official account of the Kennedy coup in South Vietnam—accepted, for the moment, by public opinion and just about the entire press—runs as follows: 1) The government of Ngo Dinh Diem was "bad" —was, specifically, despotic, corrupt and nepotistic; 2) as a result, the Diem government had lost popular support and confidence; 3) because of its badness and lack of support, the Diem government could not lead an effective fight against the Communists; 4) the Diem government was overthrown by patriotic soldiers, with Washington's approval, in order to reform the country and defeat the Communists.

The first item in this account—concerning the Diem government's badness—and the second are in themselves of no public concern to Americans. Most governments in Asia, Africa and Latin America—and some, to tell the truth, in Europe and North America —are despotic, corrupt and nepotistic. Even if we assume the worst about the Diem government's bad-



ness, our government was not thereby justified in suggesting, supporting, favoring or condoning its overthrow. But items 3) and 4) in the official account *are* part of the proper business of our government: are so, because the success of Communism anywhere is a threat to us, and any defeat of Communism is our victory. If the Diem government was incapable of stopping the Communist attempt to take over the country (and, as probable consequence, all Southeast Asia in due course), *and if an available alternative regime could be expected to defeat the Communists,* then it was proper, was indeed our solemn duty, to help throw out the Diem government in favor of the alternative.

NATIONAL REVIEW therefore does not condemn the Kennedy Administration merely for having stirred up a revolt in another nation. We condemn President Kennedy not because he supported a coup and a junta, but because his policy will, there is every reason to believe, fail to accomplish its official aim, and will injure most grossly, rather than advance, the interests of our country and the Free World.

We do not argue that under the Diem government the Vietcong would surely have been defeated. NATIONAL REVIEW has contended, in fact, that a local

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victory over the Communists in South Vietnam is impossible: that, politically, the soft coexistence policy in neighboring Laos cannot be combined with a hard policy in South Vietnam; and that, strategically, the Communists cannot be beaten in South Vietnam while their operations are militarily in North Vietnam and South China, politically in Peking and Moscow. The remedy for these defects was not the overthrow of the South Vietnamese Government, but a basic change in the policy of the United States.

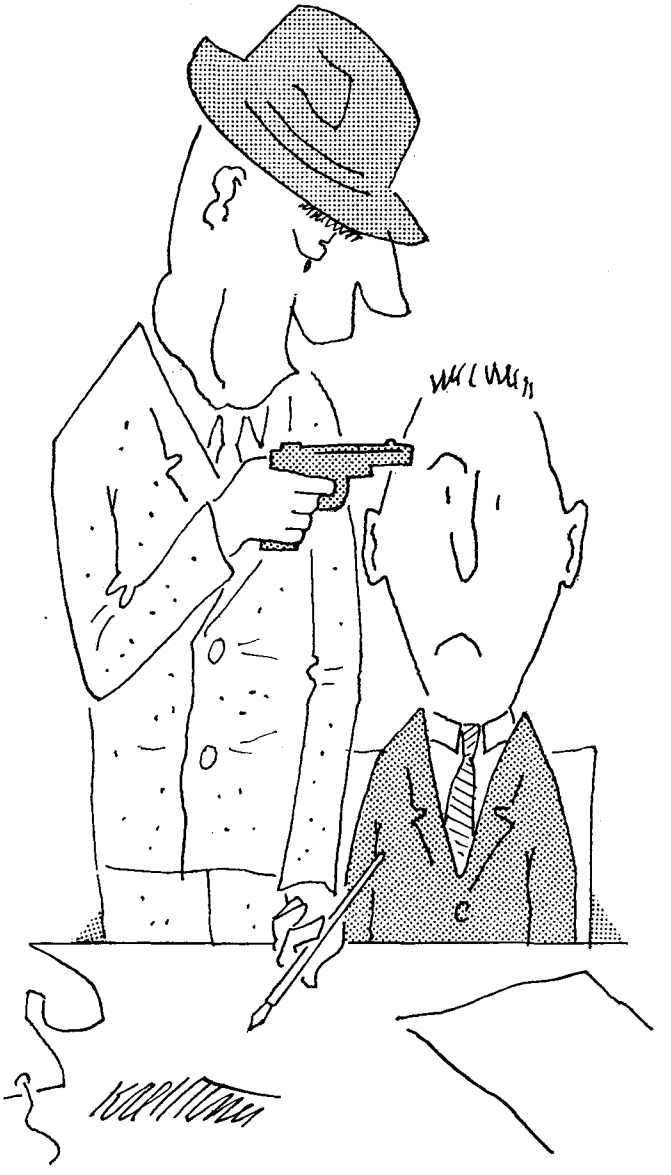
The Diem government, however bad, was the best available to South Vietnam and much the best from the point of view of anti-Communism. It was Ngo Dinh Diem and his family and friends who made South Vietnam into a functioning political entity—in itself an historical tour de force in that unformed land. They fought for independence against both the French and Ho Chi-minh's Communists; they overwhelmingly defeated the French puppet, Bao Dai, in a democratic election; they smashed the anarchic private armies of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religious sects and the Binh Xuyen bandits; they fought the Communists, hidden and open. They worked intimately with the increasing number of Americans—but as independent and stubborn patriots and rulers in their own right, not as puppets. Under the post-French conditions of social chaos and enlarging civil war, it is no wonder their rule was in one or another degree despotic.

Most of the Ngo Dinh family is Catholic, and his government was criticized as a "minority regime" of Catholics (three out of fifteen million) imposed on a Buddhist majority. Actually, a majority of the Diem officials and officers were Buddhists. But it should be noted that 1) the Catholics are, on average, the most literate and skilled elements of the population, and by far the most pro-Western and anti-Communist (a million of them are escapees from Ho Chi-minh), and 2) the Buddhists are divided into scores of sects, many of them based on degraded demonic superstitions, and are heavily infiltrated by Communism. Throughout Asia, Buddhism today often functions as a cover for anti-Westernism, and has been seductively cultivated for many years by Russia and China. (Just a fortnight ago, Peking staged another large "World Buddhist Congress.") Essentially, the spectacular disputes between the Diem regime and the Buddhists expressed a political, not a religious conflict.

The Kennedy coup in South Vietnam wrecks the house that Diem built. It leaves the country without any genuine government: what now obtains is a confused mixture of military dictatorship (despotism?) and popular anarchy. While the soldiers shoot, and enjoy giving orders, the radical students and monks, the Communist sympathizers, agents and provocateurs move and talk freely. The structure of the nation tends to dissolve, leaving nothing but an army—and an army by itself is nothing—to fight the civil war with. The Vietcong fades away in the jungles; but the Communist influence spreads through the villages and cities.

The prospect for a successful war against the Communists, always most difficult, becomes dim. And so minds turn toward the way out of the war that the Communists have left open, the Laotian way.

As so often, the *New York Times* points to the road ahead. In a lead editorial (Nov. 10), it puts forward what will become "A Policy for Vietnam": "The change of regime . . . provides the United States with a rare opportunity to redefine its policies. . . . Vigorous military effort is necessary, but it is not enough. . . . Such concepts as a negotiated settlement and 'neutralization' of Vietnam are not to be ruled



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out. . . . The time may well be ripe now to try to restore it by negotiation."

Curious, how things work out! De Gaulle's strong-man coup in 1958 proved to be the prelude to a retreat from Algeria. Kennedy's strong-man deployment of the Navy around Cuba in 1962 proved to be the prelude to a renunciation of any attempt to oust Castro. It would seem that the Kennedy-Big Minh coup in South Vietnam may prove the prelude to gradual Western withdrawal from Southeast Asia. We hope we are wrong, but we seldom are about such matters.

The Return of the Professor

Did you ever see this country go so fast into action as it did last week, to rescue Professor Frederick Barghoorn of Yale University, detained in Moscow as an American spy? Within a matter of days, John Kennedy, the *New York Times,* Robert Oppenheimer, *Le Monde,* Bertrand Russell, John Steinbeck, George Kennan, Mendès-France—you name him—had called loudly for the Professor's release.

There is much food for thought in the episode. To begin with, let us remember that it is unwise to assume flatly that Professor Barghoorn wasn't actually a spy for the government, official or unofficial. There is, after all, a sense in which all good Americans are spies for their government when they travel in the land of the enemy. And there is no special reason why a professorship at Yale University is not very good cover for, say, an agent of the CIA—and Barghoorn, remember, is a specialist in Soviet studies.

But let us proceed on the assumption that Barghoorn was not, actively at least, a spy for our government, and look for another explanation for the very special fuss that was raised over him.

That is the point to remember, that it was a very special fuss indeed. There is an organization in New York City that keeps the names of people who disappear, or who are apprehended, behind the Iron Curtain, and who go years, sometimes lifetimes, sometimes abbreviated lifetimes, behind the Iron Curtain, while this country makes only routine protests. ("The State Department vigorously protested today the detention of John Jones by the Security Police in East Berlin . . ."—and so much for the hapless John Jones.)

A month ago a young American citizen was released after almost two years in Iron Curtain jails, and when he got back to this country his name was utterly unknown. There was no committee that had been founded to secure his release; Mr. Oppenheimer never mentioned his name, nor did Bertrand Russell; only his own immediate family, and one or two anti-Communist organizations, kept the heat on the State Department, which eventually maneuvered an exchange between a red-hot Russian spy and the allegedly innocent American.

What was so special about Mr. Barghoorn, one keeps wondering? The answer is one which, while it places some importance on the identity of the gentleman, is incomplete except in consideration of the political context of the day. The special thing about Mr. Barghoorn is that he is on intimate terms with the Establishment. Sort of an Establishment scholar. His books are anti-Communist, as George Kennan's are; but he is by nature a Milquetoast, an ambiguist where action is concerned, and so, over the years, has joined the ranks of the platonic anti-Communists, men who dislike Communism, but dislike doing anything about Communism. As such, he qualifies for the special affection of the Establishment.

And the other consideration is the great big long time that had gone by since Mr. Kennedy made any kind of a forceful showing on a matter involving the Soviet Union. The President's finely tuned political machine probably rang an alarm, which said NOW! Whereupon Mr. Kennedy got busy and started to build up the pressures, and how splendidly he does that sort of thing! Khrushchev, as we say, could not at first believe it: then, realizing that the United States Government meant business, he quickly let Barghoorn go before he had got himself committed too deeply to keeping him in prison. Thus Khrushchev lost just a little face, and Kennedy gained a whole lot of face; and Mr. Barghoorn is free again, free even, should he choose to do so, and let us all hope he will, to resume his scholarship on the basis of his personal experience with the only kind of thing that works with the Russians: firmness, and the threats of massive retaliation—cultural, or economic, or military.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE POOR
by Robert Dwyer

THE HEISTERS GO TO COURT
by James J. Leff

Labor: Challenge of the New

Labor convened last week in Manhattan's Americana Hotel, where 1,200 delegates from the AFL-CIO milled soberly about the Imperial Ballroom, dined on scallops amandine, and expressed concern about such harsh issues as automation, unemployment and civil rights. Getting off to a solemn start, Mr. George Meany called automation "a curse" that could lead to "a national catastrophe." Facing up to the prob-

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Focus on '64

◆ Gov. Mark Hatfield of Oregon, according to a close colleague, has joined the growing company who would prefer not to put up too much of a fight for the 1964 Presidential nomination; instead, they hope to get through the year looking good, having made a few friends, and save their steam for '68.

◆ The labor chiefs, dissatisfied with President Kennedy's performance in welfarism and aware of rank-and-file resentment of Administration policies that may lead to preferential treatment of Negroes, have decided that they can't turn out the full labor vote for Kennedy unless the troops are terrified by the GOP alternative. So many in the AFL-CIO leadership would like Goldwater to get the GOP nomination.

◆ Sen. Clifford Case has urged the New Jersey GOP to send a slate of unpledged delegates to the '64 convention. He says New Jersey has a long tradition of sending uncommitted delegates. It does. The tradition goes all the way back to 1960.

◆ Governor Rockefeller's advisers have fashioned a two-pronged attack on Goldwater. They'll get Rocky to accuse him 1) of holding extremist views, and 2) of modifying those views. Such a strategy might serve as the charter for the let's-not-discuss-the-issues club, but it damages Rocky's chances within the GOP to the extent that the GOP believes a radical criticism of the Liberal Establishment is what the voters want. And back in his home state Rocky found the first sign of organizational revolt: on November 8 the Orange County GOP chairman, William E. Doulin, said he would resist any pressure from Albany to support Rockefeller if the majority of his committeemen favored "another" candidate.

◆ It is widely unreported in this country that Senator Goldwater's strongly anti-Communist foreign policy is beginning to attract attention in Europe. An exclusive interview with the Senator was given front-page treatment in the Nov. 3 *Welt am Sonntag*, which called Goldwater "the Adenauer of America . . . handsome, strong-willed, fascinating."

◆ If the noise about "Southern racist" support for Goldwater seems to have piped down, it may be because the recent elections pointed up what's really happening in the South. The Republican Party is developing there as the more moderate on civil rights and as the more outspoken in support of Goldwater-type conservatism. That leaves the Southern Democrats, unless they do something, facing a swift decline into 1) adamant racism, and 2) extreme Liberalism on all other issues.

◆ In New Hampshire the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Stewart Lamprey, has agreed to serve as vice chairman of the Goldwater campaign. Western Pennsylvania Citizens for Goldwater has been organized under the leadership of Bennett W. Chapple, administrative vice president of U.S. Steel, with about 75 prominent Pennsylvanians, including many who have supported Gov. Scranton, and some newly elected GOP officials. Atlas Match is manufacturing a Goldwater In '64 matchbook. Radio hams are organizing behind K7UGA, a senator who transmits from Phoenix; their slogan is, "Help put a Ham in the White House."

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lems of the new technology, he nevertheless faced them right down again the next day, when President Kennedy somehow neglected to address the delegates either on the new technology or on the old panaceas, such as the 35-hour work week favored by Meany and other labor leaders. Said Meany to Kennedy: "You have delivered an address that goes to the heart of the problem as we see it."

If Meany was only fooling about automation, surely he was serious about civil rights? Change is *change*. Today we do not shout from convention platforms at the Federation's only Negro vice president, "Who the hell appointed you the guardian of all the Negroes in America?"—Meany's remarks about Randolph a while ago. Today "our own Phil Randolph" gets the floor for civil rights discussions, and civil rights gets top priority on the agenda. Still, Meany can't take it. In moving last Monday that the convention formally adopt, as part of a general resolution, the admission that the House of Labor remains vulnerably divided along racial lines, Phil hit the nail right on the thumb. We'll have none of that, said the president: labor is the Negroes' best friend period.

Well, then, what *is* the big issue before labor today? What is it that does *not* leave the AFL-CIO paralyzed, diffident, or too, too bored? It is the threat from the Ultra Right—unlike automation or the "civil rights revolution" a genuine novelty. "For the first time," stated a labor White Paper, "the rightists have learned to use the political process effectively to advance their cause. They have insinuated themselves into positions of influence in the Republican Party structure at the local and state levels. They have many adherents in Congress, open and covert. At the state level, rightists have scored alarming successes."

Having in these words ("insinuated," "covert") expressed their esteem for the political process they have long used effectively to advance *their* cause, the Federation's leaders moved 1) to spend $750,000 and use 500,000 workers—more money and man-

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power than ever before—in a massive registration and vote drive in 1964; 2) to appoint Roy Reuther national director of it; 3) to center the drive on some eighty congressional races and on an all-out effort to re-elect the "class of '58" Senate Liberals. In addition, three new unions (without benefit of membership vote) have joined the Liberal Party's Trade Union Council to help roll up 600,000 votes for Kennedy in New York State.

This is the shape of it, though not the substance. For a hint of *that,* one recalls the Florentine smear-sheet devised a few months ago by the AFL-CIO's own Committee on Political Education (COPE *Political Memo,* Sept. 9), purporting to link "the high command of the fascistic John Birch Society . . . to other right-wing organizations . . . and to business groups, government, universities and private corporations," comprehending just about everybody who ever raised his voice against inflation or against our weak foreign policy. And now the campaign begins: straw bosses against straw men.

$100,000,000,000 Mistake

The Congress, in its own special way, is seeing to it that the foreign aid program is cut down to size. President Kennedy has asked for $4.5 billion, the Senate has cut him down to $3.7 billion, the House has cut him to $3.5 billion, and Rep. Otto Passman is talking $2.7 billion.

When the President accused the Senate of interfering in his foreign policy, the Senate replied by cutting another $20 million. The President described the House action as "short-sighted, irresponsible, and dangerously partisan." That didn't help.

In the midst of things Argentina canceled all oil contracts, including long-term contracts with seven U.S. companies that have invested $227 million, privately, productively, economically, in Argentina. The White House responded, initially, with the statement that Argentina was acting within its sovereign rights. Two days later President Kennedy accused certain countries of violating international law when they expropriate what ain't theirs. It took him two days to figure that out?

Meanwhile Averell Harriman, whose visit to Buenos Aires had coincided with the oil expropriation, was in São Paulo with representatives of nineteen of our Good Neighbors, trying to patch up the shattered wreckage of the Alliance for Progress. After two weeks of work (São Paulo is a great place to work) the boys agreed (Bolivia abstaining) to set up a permanent eight-man executive supervisory committee to, well, to see what the other committees are doing about getting some dough spent under the Alliance for Progress.

President Kennedy says he doesn't understand "why we are so suddenly fatigued" by giving our substance away. Someone should tell him that the U.S. gold reserves have declined to the peril point. There are reasons other than fatigue to stop beating oneself on the head.

Re Nitze

In 1960, he delivered a speech before "Asilomar," a gathering of the National Strategy Seminar, in the course of which he "proposed" that SAC be turned over to NATO, and the reins of both be given to the UN. But. This was in the context of the alleged "missile gap" which, at the time, Eisenhower's Secretary of Defense, Neil McElroy, was so-what-ing across the land. Nitze apparently understood that his job was that of a provocateur, to show the foolhardiness of anything less than a Class A retaliatory system at our disposal; and indeed he summed up his own proposal as a "grand fallacy."

Shortly after, he chaired a committee of the National Council of Churches which issued some typical left-whimsy. The NCCC published its nonsense with Nitze's name on it. *However,* he had objected to the proposals when he sat as chairman, and had simply been overruled by the majority.

Should he then be disqualified as Secretary of the Navy? Scarcely. Nitze unquestionably belongs to Washington's harder faction, along with Dean Acheson, his friend and mentor, and Burton Marshall, his strategical alter ego. It makes little sense to object to him as Secretary of the Navy while, for instance, Bohlen is prominent in the State Department, and John Fitzgerald Kennedy is prominent in the White House. Nitze is better than either of them.

Notes and Asides

Friends, countrymen. Those of you—those many of you, we hope—who plan to give subscriptions to NATIONAL REVIEW as Christmas presents, we beg you to act early (see the information opposite page 474). Our subscription staff is small, and therefore it makes a great deal of difference to us if we can receive your orders as early as possible. We intend to begin every subscription with our Christmas issue, so that the sooner we hear from you, the less oil we shall have to burn at midnight. And remember, those of you who have run out of friends (as sometimes happens to conservatives) to whom to give NATIONAL REVIEW, we have a long list of students, schools, libraries, etc., who cannot afford to subscribe but are anxious to have the magazine.

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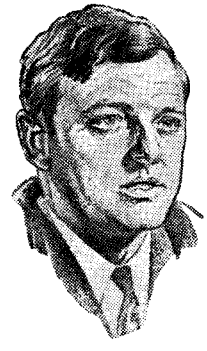
Sell the TVA?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

A lot of Americans have never heard of the Tennessee Valley Authority, except perhaps vaguely as one of those things Franklin Delano Roosevelt did somewhere along the line in connection with the Great Depression. But for some Americans, including those who live geographically under the shadow of TVA, and those others for whom the project was an idealistic blast-off, TVA is sacred. So that when Senator Goldwater came out recently for "selling TVA" he put his foot in his mouth, it is thought; and great was the rejoicing in the anti-Goldwater ranks, and deep the melancholy among all of the pro-Goldwater forces.



Buckley

Ike's Position

It is as difficult to talk to votaries of the TVA about their dreamchild, as it is to talk to the American Civil Liberties Union about the Bill of Rights. They don't want to discuss it, they want to burn incense to it. General Eisenhower was questioned last week on the subject. Had he heard of Senator Goldwater's proposal to sell TVA to private interests? Yes, he had. What did he think of it? Well, he was against selling TVA to private interests. Why? Because, he said, TVA has become an emotional way of life in the Tennessee area, and under the circumstances, it would be difficult to effect such a sale. But, he said, the important thing is to guard against having any more TVAs. When he was President, all kinds of proposals were made to him to sponsor other TVA-like projects around the country, but he stoutly refused to give in to the pressures. Mr. Eisenhower was manifestly pleased with his fortitude.

One wonders, what is going on? If TVA was a poor idea in the first instance, and one which should not be repeated in other sections of the country, what is wrong with the proposal that TVA be turned over to the private sector? The answer is that nothing is wrong with the proposal, but that it remains one of the most interesting differences between Senator Goldwater and General Eisenhower that the one should take into account the meaning of his condemnation of the TVA idea and draw the logical conclusions from it, while the other (who ever said Eisenhower was not a good politician? He is the most sublimely good politician in the history of the United States) simultaneously agrees it is not a good idea—we should not have other TVAs, he said—but that we certainly shouldn't do anything about the existing TVA.

A little iconoclasm about the TVA is very much in order. A shot of black coffee should be given to those who are giddy from TVA, and the following points made:

1. Even if one concedes that TVA was justified at the moment it was undertaken, it does not follow that it continues to be justified today as a federal enterprise.

2. To the extent that consumers of electric power in the Tennessee Valley pay less for that power than the cost of producing it (include: interest, taxation), they are being subsidized by taxpayers from the other states of the Union, and preferential arrangements in behalf of one section, at the expense of others, are not justified in a democracy except in response to emergency circumstances, which do not now obtain in the Tennessee area.

3. Just because TVA involves a whole lot of things besides the manufacture of electric power does not mean the project is not separable, that some of its component parts might not stay on as public enterprises, while others go private. TVA has produced everything from cheap public power to public parks. It is not Senator Goldwater's suggestion to sell the public parks, nor to drain the river which now carries commercial traffic (at an enormous federal subsidy). But he is mindful of the maxim which all libertarians should mind, namely, that because of the attributes of government—it is, after all, the ultimate monopoly—the citizen should always act on the presumption against the government's continuing to control any activity which it need not control to assure the national security or domestic tranquility.

Principle vs. *Nostalgia*

General Eisenhower fought, as did his successor Mr. Kennedy, to give over to private companies the rights to develop the communications space satellites—whose initial cost, as a matter of national defense, was borne by the government. And Congress duly turned the program over to private enterprise. Before that Congress, with the approval of President Truman, turned over the synthetic rubber plants to private enterprise—without suggesting that the role of the government in their development during the war had not been justified. Senator Goldwater is in the tradition of those with the good sense to wish to repatriate to the people as individuals that which the Federal Government, for reasons sufficient, or insufficient, took over from them at moments of social or military stress. One hopes that his steadfastness to principle will triumph over the dogmatic nostalgia of the statists.

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The Intellectual and the Market Place

The author, himself a member of the academy, argues that it is that very market place intellectuals so distrust that has, in effect, made them free

GEORGE J. STIGLER

The intellectual has never felt kindly toward the market place: to him it has always been a place of vulgar men and of base motives. Whether this intellectual was an ancient Greek philosopher, who viewed economic life as an unpleasant necessity which should never be allowed to become obtrusive or dominant, or whether this intellectual is a modern man, who focuses his scorn on gadgets and Madison Avenue, the basic similarity of view has been pronounced.

The question I wish to pose is not whether we should love the market place—even a professor of economics of outrageously conservative tendencies cannot bring himself to say that the chants of five auctioneers rival a Mozart quintet. The questions are rather: What don't we like about the market place; and, are we sure that our attitudes are socially useful?

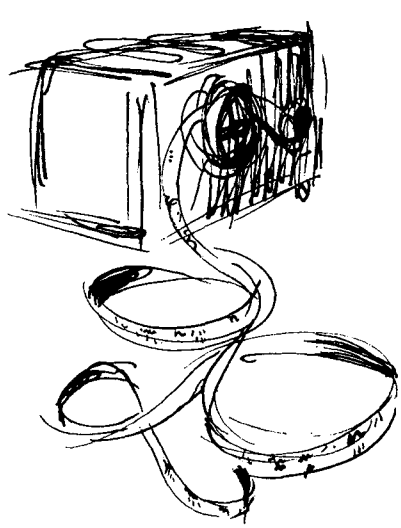
Let us begin by noticing that from certain important viewpoints one would have expected the intellectuals to be very kindly disposed toward that system of private enterprise which I call the market place.

First, if I may introduce a practical consideration, intellectuals by and large have elevated tastes—they like to eat, dress, and live well, and especially to travel. The late Walton Hamilton, lawyer and economist, once said that our customary salutation, "Good Day," was a vestige of an agricultural society where people were asking for good weather, and he expected city dwellers eventually to greet each other with the phrase, "Low Prices." If Hamilton's theory is correct, the intellectuals will come to the salutation, "Fair Fulbright."

Since intellectuals are not inexpensive, until the rise of the modern enterprise system no society could afford many intellectuals. As a wild guess, the full-time intellectuals numbered 200 in Athens in the extraordinary age of Pericles, or about one for every 1,500 of population. And at most times in later history the intellectuals fell far, far short of this proportion. Today there are at least 1,000,000 in the United States, taking only a fraction of those who live by pen and tongue into account, or one for each 200 of population. At least four out of every five of us owe our pleasant lives to the great achievements of the market place. We professors are much more beholden to Henry Ford than to the foundation which bears his name and spreads his assets.

Business Leaders as Trustees

Not only have the productive achievements of the market place supported a much enlarged intellectual class, but also the leaders of the market place have personally been strong supporters of the intellectuals, and in particular those in the academic world. If one asks where, in the Western university world, the freedom of inquiry of professors has been most staunchly defended and energetically promoted, my answer is this: Not in the politically controlled universities, whether in the United States or Germany—legislatures are not overpopulated with tolerant men indifferent to popularity. Not in the self-perpetuating faculties, such as Oxford and Cambridge from 1700 to 1850—even intellectuals can become convinced that they have acquired ultimate truth, and that it can be preserved indefinitely by airing it before students once a year. No, inquiry has been most free in the college whose trustees are a group of top quality leaders of the market place—men who, our experience shows, are remarkably tolerant of almost everything except a mediocre and complacent faculty. Economics provides many examples: If a professor wishes to denounce aspects of big business, as I have, he will be wise to locate in a school whose trustees are big businessmen, and I have.



But debts are seldom the basis for friendship, and there is a much more powerful reason the intellectual might be sympathetic to the market place: The organizing principles of both areas are the same.

An enterprise system is a system of voluntary contract. Neither fraud nor coercion is within the ethics of the market system. Indeed there is no possibility of coercion in a pure enterprise system because the competition of rivals provides alternatives to every buyer or seller.

The intellectual world, and I speak chiefly but not exclusively of scholarship, is also a voluntary system. Its central credo is that opinions are to be formed through free discussion on the basis of full disclosure of evidence. Fraud and coercion are equally repugnant to the scholar. The freedom of thought is preserved by the open competition of scholars and ideas. Authority, the equivalent of monopoly power, is the great enemy of freedom of inquiry. Competition in scholarship is in some ways more violent than in business: The law sets limits on the disparagement of a ri-

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val's product, unless it is done in a book review in a learned journal.

Both areas, moreover, are democratic. The intellectual believes that every able and willing young person should get a good education whatever his race or financial background. The market believes every able and willing person should be permitted to enter any industry or occupation, whatever his race or educational background. There is food for thought in the fact that racial discrimination has diminished earlier, faster, and more quietly in the market place than in political life.

The analogies could be pursued much farther, although not without danger of alienating all professors and most businessmen. I shall therefore merely mention, in passing, that both fields pay a fair amount of attention to packaging and advertising, and both fields place an absurdly high value on originality. There are also many minor differences, such as that the intellectual has no desire to know the market place, whereas the business man wishes, or at least believes he wishes, to know the world of the intellectual. The basic fact is that the intellectual believes in the free market in ideas and, what is not quite the same thing, in words.

Misplaced Criticism

Yet whatever the latent sympathies of the intellectual for the market place, the hostilities are overt. The contempt for the "profit motive" which directs economic activity is widespread and the suspicion of the behavior to which it leads is deep-seated. The charge that American society is materialistic has been recited more often than the Declaration of Independence, and has been translated into more foreign languages.

In one basic respect I believe that the criticism by the intellectuals is misplaced, and at times even hypocritical. The American economy produces many goods that are vulgar, silly, or meretricious, as judged by standards which I share with many intellectuals. It seems only proper to cite a few examples, if only to show how selective these standards are. I am dissatisfied with the tastes of the nine-tenths of the population which believes that nonfictional books are to be read only by young people working for their BA. I am dissatisfied with a population whose love for interesting music is so narrow that every symphony orchestra requires subsidies. I consider it shocking that more Americans have read *The Affluent Society* than *The Wealth of Nations.*

The Public's Tastes

At the risk of appearing reasonable, I wish to qualify this complaint by observing that the tastes of the American public are more elevated than those of any other large society in history. Most societies have been judged by their cultural aristocracies —indeed in earlier periods the vast majority of the population was not even considered to be a part of the culture of the society, for this vast majority was illiterate, tradition-bound, with most people living brutishly in peasant huts. Our society's tastes are judged by those of the vast majority of the population, and this majority is generous, uncomplacent, and hard-working, with unprecedentedly large numbers engaged in further self-education, or eagerly patronizing the arts.

These qualifications are not intended to withdraw the charge that the public's tastes should be better, and for that matter, that the intellectual's tastes should be better. It is in fact a basic function of the intellectual to define the standards of good taste more clearly, and to persuade people to approach them more closely. It is proper to denounce vulgarity of taste, and to denounce it more strongly the more popular it is.

When I say that the complaints of deficiencies in tastes are misplaced when they are directed to the market place, I mean just that. The market place responds to the tastes of consumers with the goods and services that are salable, whether the tastes are elevated or depraved. It is unfair to criticize the market place for fulfilling these desires, when clearly the defects lie in the popular tastes themselves. I consider it a cowardly concession to a false extension of the idea of democracy to make *sub rosa* attacks on public tastes by denouncing the people who serve them. It is like blaming the waiters in restaurants for obesity.

To escape this response, the more sophisticated intellectuals have argued that people are told what to want by the market place—that advertising skilfully depraves and distorts popular desires. There is no doubt an element of truth in this response, but it is an element of trifling size. The advertising industry has no sovereign power to bend men's wills—we are not children who blindly follow the last announcer's instructions to rush to the store for soap. Moreover, advertising itself is a completely neutral instrument, and lends itself to the stimulation of highly contradictory desires. While the automobile industry tells us not to drink while driving, the bourbon industry tells us not to drive while drinking. The symphony orchestra advertises, and gets much free publicity, in its rivalry with the dance band.

Self-Interest: Two Aspects

The main indictment by the intellectual, however, is that the market place operates on the principle of self-interest, and in fact through competition compels even the philanthropic businessman to become self-serving. Self-interest, often described with such neutral words as egotism, greed, and dog-eat-dog, is viewed as a crass, antisocial element of man's character and an economic system that rests upon, and inculcates, this motive achieves little admiration. In fact, a dislike for profit-seeking is one of the few specific attitudes shared by the major religions.

I also find naked selfishness an unendearing trait, but I have trouble in separating it from the more admirable motives related to it. A prudent regard for one's own survival is generally applauded even if the individual does not say "I got out of the way of the oncoming train only to spare my Sunday School class pain." The violent endeavors of an athlete to defeat his rivals are much admired, providing the contest is more or less fair, even though the winner is expected not to say, "I am glad I won chiefly because I'm vain, but secondarily for the honor of Sheboygan High School."

Even in fields somewhat removed from the athletic arena, the roles of self-interest and what for lack of a better name I shall call benevolence are perplexingly interwoven. I have

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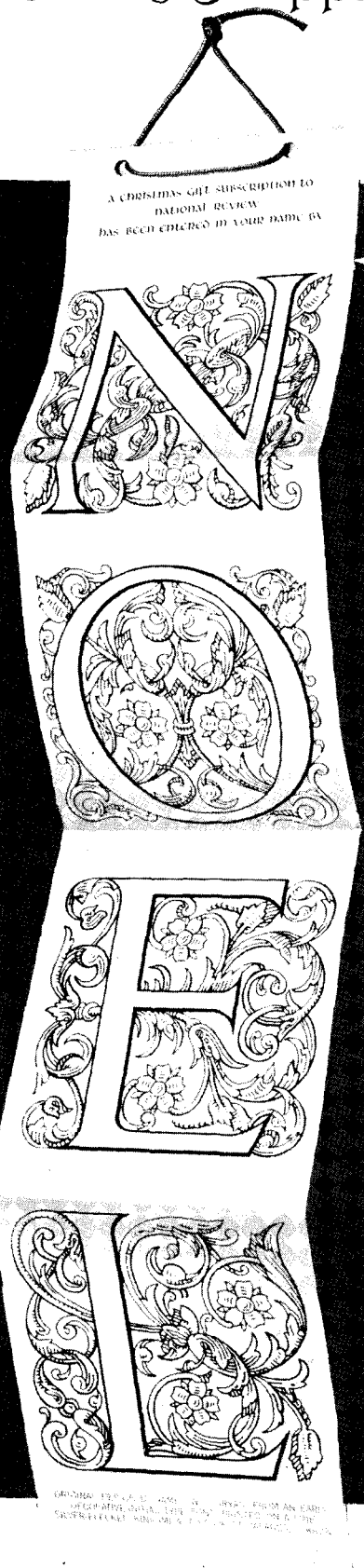

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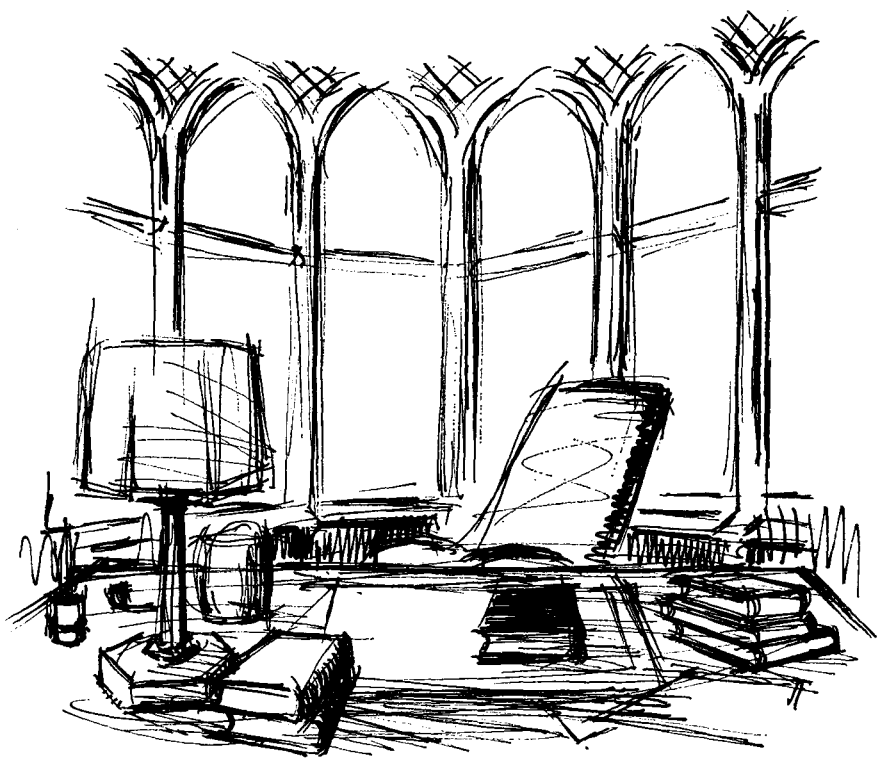
spent my life among college teachers, although admittedly in the most competitive branch of research and publication. In one sense the disinterest of my colleagues is beyond doubt: I have seen silly people—public officials as well as private, by the way—try to buy opinions but I have not seen or even suspected any cases in which any important economist sold his professional convictions.

But on the other hand, the motives that drive them and me are not completely clear, either. When we strive to solve a scientific problem, is ambition for our own professional status completely overshadowed by our love of knowledge? I wonder. When we write an article to demonstrate the fallacies of someone else's work, is



our hatred for error never mixed with a tiny bit of glee at the display of our own cleverness? I wonder.

To shift elsewhere, I have never encountered a political candidate who said: "I am running for office because I, with my dear wife and future administrative assistant, can earn more in politics than elsewhere." Nor do I expect to. But the language of public interest surely covers a good many acres of self-interest.

A major source of the view that the market place places special values on self-interest, beyond those more or less evident in all human behavior, is the belief that one man's gain is another's loss—that business, like the so-called friendly poker session, is a zero-sum game. Not so.

On the one hand, it must be recognized that the great source of market gains is the productivity of the participants. Unlike the poker game, the wealth of our society has been doubling even on a per capita basis every 25 years, and the doubling has been due to the labors and ingenuity of the men in the market place. There is room for improvement here, but there is vastly more room to admire the prodigious production achievements of the market place.

On the other hand, I would emphasize that most of the gains from innovation in the market place are passed on to the community at large. A new idea may yield handsome profits for a time, but the rapid rush of competition soon drives the price of the product down to a modest level. Ball-point pens were first marketed at $12.50 to those penmen eager to write under water (and, judging by my experience, only under water); they rapidly fell in price and as you know are now so cheap that you have no economic excuse if you do not write the Great American Novel. Sears, Roebuck and Company, and Montgomery Ward, made a good deal of money in the process of improving our rural marketing structure, but I am convinced that they did more for the poor farmers of America than the sum total of the federal agricultural support programs of the last 28 years.

It is an interesting illustration of the great influence of the intellectual that the market place itself has become apologetic of its pursuit of profit. The captains of industry now, in a world in which public relations are becoming as important as efficiency, list among their major achievements the great number of bowling alleys or college fellowships they have given to their employees. To boast that large profits demonstrate great efficiency in producing existing products and introducing new ones is considered even by them to be too archaic a form of thought for public consumption. The patron saint of economics, Adam Smith, once wrote:

> I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good. It is an affectation, indeed, not very common among merchants, and very few words need be employed in dissuading them from it.

I wonder what those very few words were.

To return to the intellectuals, their dislike for the profit motive of the market place no doubt rests in part on a failure to understand its logic and workings. Indeed as professional economics becomes more complicated and its practitioners use an increasingly more formidable apparatus, there seems to have been retrogression in our ability to communicate with other intellectuals. Less than a century ago a treatise on economics began with a sentence such as, "Economics is a study of mankind in the ordinary business of life." Today it will often begin: "This unavoidably lengthy treatise is devoted to an examination of an economy in which the second derivatives of the utility function possess a finite number of discontinuities. To keep the problem manageable, I assume that each individual consumes only two goods, and dies after one Robertsonian week. Only elementary mathematical tools such as topology will be employed, incessantly."

But misunderstanding is not the whole explanation. It will still appear to many intellectuals that a system in which men were driven by a reasonably selfless devotion to the welfare of other men would be superior to one in which they sought their own preferment. This ethic is deeply imbedded in the major religions.

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I personally also believe that the good society will be populated by people who place a great value on other people's welfare. This is, however, not the only attribute of the good society, and in particular in the good society a man should be free within the widest possible limits of other men's limitations on his beliefs and actions. This great ethic of individual freedom clashes with that of benevolence, for I can seldom do positive good to another person without limiting him. I can, it is true, simply give him money, but even in this extreme case where I seem to place no bonds on him, he inevitably faces the question of what conduct on his part will lead me to give money to him again. Usually I will find it hard to be content to do so little good —giving money to improve a man's food or housing or health will seem as inefficient as giving him gasoline so he will drive more often to museums. Hence when I give money I shall also insist that it be spent on housing, or on medical care for his children, or on growing wheat in the way that I think is socially desirable, or on the collected works of Burke and de Tocqueville, or of Marx and Lenin. A patron tends to be paternalistic, in a nice way, of course. I am not saying that benevolence is bad, but that like everything else it can be carried to excess.

Machiavelli Returned?

One final question on motives—why are they so important? Am I to admire a man who injures me in an awkward and mistaken attempt to protect me, and am I to despise a man who to earn a good income performs for me some great and lasting service? Oddly enough, I suspect our answer is that motive makes a difference—that it is less objectionable to be injured by an incompetent benefactor than by a competent villain. But I leave with you the question: Are motives as important as effects?

Several charges related to the dominance of self-interest have rounded out the intellectual's indictment of the market place:

> First, the system makes no provision for men whose talents and interests are not oriented to profit-seeking economic activity.
>
> Second, there are cumulative tendencies toward increasing inequality of wealth, which—if unchecked—will polarize the society into a great number of poor and a few very rich.
>
> Third, the game in the market place is unfair in that inheritance of property plays an immensely larger role in success than the efforts of the individuals themselves.

I shall comment briefly on each of these assertions.

Needs of Society

The first charge is true—the market place will not supply income to a man who will not supply something which people want. People have enormously varied desires, but not enough of them wish to hire men to engage in research on ancient languages nor, sixty years ago, did they hire men to study quantum mechanics. The market place does not provide an air force or alms for the poor. It does not even supply babies. I conclude that a society needs more than a market place.

The second charge, that there are cumulative tendencies to ever-increasing inequality of wealth, is untrue. I would indeed ignore the charge for fear of reprimand from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Straw Men, were it not that this straw man is so popular. In plain historical fact, the inequality in the distribution of income has been diminishing, and the diminution has been due to market forces even more than to governmental efforts.

The third charge, that inheritance of property plays a dominant role in the distribution of income in the market place, is an overstatement. Inheritance of property is important, but it will give some perspective to the charge to notice that property income is only one-fifth of national income, and inherited property is less than half of all property, so less than 10 per cent of all incomes is governed by inheritance of property.

No useful purpose would be served by trying to appraise the proper role of inheritance of property in a few passing remarks. But our greatest problem would be that inheritance extends far beyond a safe deposit box full of bonds and stocks. The chief reason some people are intelligent is that their parents are intelligent. Some, especially younger people, may find this unbelievable: Mark Twain said he was astonished by how much his father had learned during the short time it took Mark to grow from eighteen to 21. But inheritance of ability is important, probably more important in its effects on the distribution of income than is the inheritance of property. So a full account of the proper role of inheritance would have to extend to ability, and perhaps even to name and reputation, as the Attorney General of the U.S. might agree. The social and legal institutions governing inheritance in our society are surely open to improvement, but we are unlikely to improve them if we are guided by nothing more than naive egalitarianism.

And now to my final point. We are great believers in the human mind, we intellectuals, and in its ability to conquer an ever larger part of the immense domain of ignorance. But we have not made much use of the mind in reaching our views on the economic organization appropriate to the good society so far as its basic cultural values go. It is clear that the kinds of traits that are fostered in man are influenced by (but of course not only by) the way economic life is organized—after all, throughout history men have spent half their waking hours in economic activity.

Time to Re-examine

Important as the moral influences of the market place are, they have not been subjected to any real study. The immense proliferation of general education, of scientific progress, and of democracy are all coincidental in time and place with the emergence of the free enterprise system of organizing the market place. I believe this coincidence was not accidental. The economic progress of the past three centuries was both cause and effect of this general growth of freedom. The dominant era of the free market place was in the nineteenth century. I believe, but with less confidence, that the paucity of major wars in that century—the only peaceable century in history—was related to this reign of liberty.

These beliefs may be right or wrong, but they are not matters of taste. They are hypotheses concerning the relationship between economic and social organization, and are subject to analytical development and empirical testing. It is time that we did so, high time. Our ruling attitude toward the market place has not changed since the time of Plato. Is it not possible that it is time to rethink the question?

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Nine Months Later

Another Round in Katanga?

CHRIS SCOTT

Although for long months the silence there has left too little to the imagination, one's full apprehension of the disintegration in Katanga awaits the tattered fact, the rare dispatch, that eludes the censors. One such dispatch recently (interred in the *New York Times'* obituary page) reported that the United Nations command had banned all civilian traffic from the road between Elisabethville and the Rhodesian border. Travelers could proceed only by joining a military convoy, protected by armored cars, which made a single round trip daily. This drastic action was necessary because the area is "bandit infested" and because "highway robbery and other violence is common on the road."

Here in two and a half column inches of presumptive obituary were insights into three key aspects of the Katanga tragedy. First, and perhaps the most portentous, the United Nations has extremely limited control of Katanga.

Second, the widespread assurances that the UN "restored law and order" are not, in fact, so. The comparative safety and tranquility of Katanga under President Moise Tshombe have been replaced by military occupation, banditry, violence and unrest, and there is no safe passage for civilians without military escort.

The Liberals' Concern

Finally, the *Times'* placement of the dispatch—between the obituaries of a Swiss poet and two little known businessmen—contrasts the Liberals' present concern for the welfare of the Congolese with their solicitude when holy war against colonialism had been declared in the Congo.

Following the "restoration of law and order," the nation's economy and politics deteriorated into a nightmare. Already bad and worsening in Katanga, the situation in the Congo proper, where liberation had come earlier, is worse.

The official rate of exchange for the Congolese franc is 65 to the dollar, but unofficially a dollar buys 300 francs and more. The popular effect of the inflation is grumbling, and the predictable effect, according to sober observers, will be mass rioting. The Central Government is topheavy with bureaus and agencies which teem with half-trained and untrained civil servants attracted to public duty by a kind of tribal spoils system.

Since the United Nations' conquest of Katanga, the economic outlook there has scarcely been better than in the rest of the Congo. Katanga was once self-supporting—in fact, it was widely believed only a year ago that the tax revenues from Katanga, once it submitted, would offset the awesome deficit of the Léopoldville government. Now Katanga adds to that deficit. Its currency, 180 to the dollar before the last UN attack, inflated to 360 to one in months. Consumer goods were plentiful under the Tshombe government; now they are scarce. And the black market, as it is throughout the Congo, is completely out of hand in Katanga, especially among UN personnel. Businessmen say it is cheaper by two-thirds illegally to hire an official UN plane from Elisabethville to Léopoldville, than it is to charter a commercial aircraft.

The United Nations military, maintaining their tenuous control of the country, are assisted, if that's the word, by the ANC—the Congolese National Army. However, ANC troops are generally more trouble to the UN command than they are worth. UN forces must convoy ANC patrols to protect them from attack, and have to police ANC bivouacs to keep order.

Relations between the UN forces and the ANC are not infrequently bitter. ANC soldiers remember that less than half a century ago the Ethiopians were selling Congolese and other Africans into slavery in Saudi Arabia. And the Ethiopians in the UN command keep these memories toasty by calling the ANC soldiers "monkeys." The Ethiopians also provoked bitterness among the civilian population with a series of wanton killings during the UN attacks.

United Nations control in Katanga extends no farther than the main towns and roads; even this is in occasional doubt. In two instances there have been mortar attacks against the ANC camp on the outskirts of Elisabethville itself. Forty railroad cars of Katangese military supplies were removed from Jadotville and Kolwezi several months after the UN military occupation of these cities. This massive movement was eventually uncovered when the UN investigated the discovery of another freight car loaded with spare aircraft parts.

Katangan Forces Ready

Hiding in the bush, in addition to the hundreds of soldiers turned bandits, are some 4,000 Katangan troops who were never disarmed by the United Nations, and more than twice that number who await the distribution of weapons from small arms caches. There is also heavier ground equipment hidden in the bush, as well as airplanes with a supply of ammunition and gasoline, for which pilots and technicians are standing by. The UN knew in the autumn of 1962 that it would be unable to defeat Tshombe's army by March. During the UN December invasion, Katangan aircraft were not yet battle-ready—but they are now.

There seems no doubt that the Katangans can make continued United Nations military occupation difficult and possibly, if heavy reinforcements are not brought up, untenable. The ANC couldn't hold Katanga by itself. But with a Congo operations debt of $120 million, and an even greater bond obligation, the UN is seeking ways to withdraw from the Congo and Katanga. But it will not pull out until the political advantages of its presence there dry up, or until UN member nations tire of picking up the tab for the occupation. As things presently stand, funds for the occupation have been voted until mid-1964. Even so, unless a deal is made with Tshombe, the Katangan army might be back in action on a larger scale by early next year.

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Russia, Thirty Years Later

Gone is the revolutionary fervor of the thirties, says the author. His impression of Russia today is that it has become a petty bourgeois society

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

When I visited the Soviet Union in 1930, Moscow was still the world capital of the Revolution, an arrogant metropolis. Today it is a petty bourgeois city where nobody goes hungry but where luxury goods are hard to get. Today's ruling class makes an effort to remove itself from public gaze, content to enjoy its privileges in private, privacy being the rarest and greatest of goods in the Soviet Union.

While the great revolutionary glamor of Moscow has faded, the Soviet leaders of 1963 still live by their ideology. Streamers are rarer here than in East Berlin, the day-long barking of loudspeakers has ceased and Moscow has become a very quiet, rather clean, overcrowded and still somewhat Eastern city—more "Eastern" than either Leningrad or Kiev. Advertising is almost nonexistent (except for the Aeroflot Company) and what neon signs you see proclaim the glories of the Fatherland, of the Communist Party—or the danger of crossing streets without care.

Still, visible improvement in the USSR of 1963, over the Russia of 1930, is considerable. The people are dressed warmly, if shabbily and without much imagination; quality goods are rare and expensive and gourmet foods either not procurable or exorbitant. This does not mean that Russian living standards in the foreseeable future will be higher than those of Western Europe or of the United States. Take my quest for a fountain pen in Irkutsk. On August 21 I couldn't buy one because schools start on September 1 and they had all been bought up. It would be weeks before a new shipment arrived. (Ballpoint pens are not even produced in the Soviet Union.)

What do people earn and what can they buy with their wages? The ruble has two rates: the official rate which tourists have to pay is $1.10; the unofficial one, as quoted in Zürich, is 35 cents and indicates the true purchasing power for most goods. Rents are extraordinarily low (three to ten rubles); books, newspapers, phone calls, railroad and plane fares are very cheap and so are radio and television sets. Wages and salaries range between 35 and 350 rubles per month. Waitresses get about 40 rubles (and no tips), workers 80 rubles and up, doctors between 80 and 150 rubles, managers around 200 rubles. Medical care is free, higher education is again becoming free, and the seven-hour working day is actually in force in most enterprises. The rural population, however, lives in very straitened circumstances, often in poverty and even misery.

On the other hand, wages and salaries must be evaluated in the light of their purchasing power. A few examples: a pound of butter costs 1.60 rubles, a pound of oranges 70 kopeks, a piece of chocolate weighing less than one ounce, 41 kopeks, a *good* pair of shoes 30 rubles, a winter coat 80 to 150 rubles, etc. Many kinds of food are only seasonably available.

The worst problem is housing and although construction in and around the big cities is proceeding at a great speed, it will still take half a generation before the majority of Soviet citizens will have apartments all of their own. In human terms many of the tensions and inadequacies of Soviet life can be explained by cramped living. Several families frequently occupy a single apartment. (Even in hotels complete strangers are often given a room together; privacy *is* luxury!)

The Lenin Cult

Communism in the USSR today is less effervescent than in the late 1920s or 1930s but is seeping deeper into the fabric of Russian society, and the determination to create an atheistic Communist society in which private property has been abolished remains. But it is opposed internally by the younger intellectuals and artists, by the "captive" Soviet Socialist Republics and by the enduring, silent and stolid peasantry. The Communist baby has grown into adolescence and manhood, and is *thereby* nearer to its grave. This is a sacrilegious thought for Communists to whom ideology has been substituted for religion, and it is most visibly demonstrated by the near-divine honors given to Lenin. Lenin museums, Lenin statues, Lenin streets, Lenin Orders, Lenin centers, Lenin clubs, Lenin factories, Lenin cities, give a religious ubiquity to Lenin. The elimination of all "other gods" (Trotsky, Stalin) has created a new monotheism. Few works dealing with literary, artistic, philosophic, economic, or political questions do not quote Lenin in support of their theses. The Man from Simbirsk is the focal point of Russian existence. The "Cult of Persons" survives—but, as in every religion, it is directed toward a person no longer among us. The Lenin Mausoleum is there to replace the "Empty Tomb"!

If Communism is a religion, its

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weakness lies in that it so strongly appeals to science, above all to the "natural sciences." These, however, change and undergo constant revisions; yet, by higher orders, they are confined within a narrow framework, a much narrower framework than was ever imposed by Christian religions. The number of contemporary Galileos running around in the Soviet Union is legion. Any new physical or biological discovery or cognition conflicting with dialectical materialism is strictly outlawed. The facts have to fit the theory—not the other way round.

'Russianizing' Resented

We are only too often prone to forget that the Soviet Union is inhabited by a bare majority of Greater Russians. Lenin was one of the very few genuine Russians, though his mother, a most distinguished lady, was German. Neither Khrushchev, nor Mikoyan, nor Trotsky, nor Stalin, nor Kaganovich, nor Frunze were, or are, Russians.

In the outlying Republics there is a dual resentment against Greater Russia; the people resent the Communist ideology and the fact that they are being ruled by foreigners. I noticed this particularly in the Caucasus, in a city like Tiflis, where strangers will walk up to you and ask whether you are aware of the hardships they have to endure, something unheard of in Moscow or even in Leningrad. All Georgians I spoke to seemed to be strongly anti-Communist, strongly anti-Russian. What few Communists there are still look back with affection to Stalin who gave Georgia a privileged position and refrained from "Russianizing" it. As a sop to the local Communists, Stalin monuments have been preserved in Georgia. I counted a great number. He was, after all, the local boy who made good. The house in which he was born in Gori is shielded from the elements by a marble roof supported by columns—a Loretto, Bolshevik version—and a gorgeous oriental-style museum filled with the most valuable Staliniana lies just behind it. In Tiflis, a marble tablet commemorates the five years "Soso" spent in the local seminary, now converted into a museum harboring the Soviet Union's finest collection of ikons. In all the other big cities of the Soviet Union Stalin is conspicuously absent. In Moscow's Lenin Museum the bloodthirsty ex-seminarian only appears once: if you look closely, you can find him in the background of a huge canvas.

Anti-Russian feeling is also rife in the Ukraine, though this is less apparent in the big cities where the Russian immigration is even heavier than in the Caucasus. I entered the Ukraine believing that the extreme western section, "Eastern Galicia," with its Eastern Rite Catholic population, was the sole area of resistance, but I changed my mind when I arrived in central Ukraine. The number of people there who listen to Western radio stations is large and they seemed to me to be better informed on world affairs than the people of Moscow. As southerners, the Ukrainians are more subtle, more individualistic than the *Moskali,* even shrewder—*vide* the wily Khrushchev who is a Ukrainian. Their rebellious spirit, frequently manifesting itself in history, makes them ripe for conspiracies and armed resistance. *This armed resistance,* discounted for a long time as a "pure invention" of émigré circles, *continues to exist and to make itself felt* in spots today.

"Russification" is proceeding in other parts of the USSR, in Kazakhstan for instance, where the Russian element, through planned immigration, amounts to 40 per cent of the population and will be a majority tomorrow.

In the Baltic Republic, "Russification" continues apace. Riga is reported now to have a Russian majority. In Estonia resistance to "Russification" has been stronger. The importance of the three submerged Baltic states, no less than of the satellites, lies in their higher industrial standards. A close inspection of industrial equipment in the USSR reveals the tremendous contribution these incorporated or subjugated states have made to Soviet might and wealth. When I traveled from Moscow to Leningrad it was in an East German railroad car. I rode up to my hotel room in an East German elevator and I toured about the city in Czech buses. The film I bought was German, the records Latvian, and so on.

Managed Literature

The average and even the privileged Soviet citizen cannot find out much about contemporary Western thought despite an almost insatiable general desire to read. Books are inexpensive and you see people reading everywhere, in subway cars, even on fast-moving escalators. Though modern books sell well, there is always a run on classics. The general enthusiasm for them would seem to demonstrate a desire to escape the barrage of political ideology emanating from posters, radios, newspapers, periodicals. (Footnotes in the classics constantly try to link them to contemporary politics.) The dullness of the newspapers is difficult to describe, yet they are not only widely read, they are even studied, as people seek desperately to find the truth. The four-to-six page dailies carry no advertisements, no crime stories, no news of accidents or suicides. (Nor does the USSR publish crime statistics! In order to learn something about corruption or crime, one has to turn to *Literaturnaya Gazeta.*)

I spent much time trying to find what the libraries and publishing houses offer the man in the street. In the field of *belles lettres* the translated works of Catholic authors like Graham Greene or Heinrich Boell are exceptions; most Catholic writers are not published in Russia. The famous Lenin (formerly Rymyantsev) Library excludes practically all of modern Western thought in the field of the humanities (including economics and sociology) from its normal catalogue. When I asked a librarian about this, I was told that there is another catalogue, not available to the general public. Some of the books in it can be released for researchers working on dissertations but, she tartly told me, "we don't like people to browse around." (You should have seen the sardonic grins on the faces of the readers who overheard this conversation!) In the Library of Foreign Literature with almost two million books I found a great deal of Western material, but

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when I perused the card index for religious books bought since early 1960, I found only a small handful, practically all anti-religious manuals from the satellite states.

Still, the Iron Curtain around the Soviet Union is not watertight; books, ideas, notions, and suspicions penetrate that country and create among the intellectuals a spiritual and intellectual unrest of not inconsiderable intensity.

Where does one look for the essential nature of the Soviet Union? This key question can be answered in a religious as well as in an historical way. And these answers by no means contradict each other.

First of all, let us remember the character of the "Great Revolution," which started—paradoxically enough—outside Europe and was not, in the purest sense, a revolution at all. The principles of the so-called "American Revolution" were neither new nor revolutionary. Washington and his collaborators were representatives of a property-owning class with no social-economic axe to grind.

One of the most monumental misunderstandings of history was the transplantation of alleged American "revolutionary" ideas to France, mostly through noblemen who had served in America. Key men were Lafayette, Mirabeau, Condorcet, Robespierre, St. Just—all dissatisfied members of the nobility. Two forerunners with a Swiss background also have to be mentioned: Rousseau and Helvétius. These men, intellectuals all, knew how to mobilize *envy*—which remains the key to dynamic politics the world over. With socialism this mobilized envy was transferred to the economic arena. Its founder was the Comte de St. Simon. Fourier, Proudhon and Marx were next in line.

The Russian revolution started with the highly aristocratic conspiracy of the still much praised *Dekabrists*. The spiritual-intellectual forerunners of the Bolshevik and Menshevik wings of the Russian Social Democratic Party and of the Social Revolutionaries were members of the nobility: Bakunin, Kropotkin, Tolstoy, Plyekhanov. The Bolshevik leaders themselves, after 1917, present a mixture of members of the nobility, of Jewish bourgeois, and ex-seminarians. They also lacked the "proletarian" element. Lenin himself might have been an "hereditary nobleman," as his passport (issued in Pskov in 1900, Lenin Museum, Room 1) testifies. The great achievement of the Bolsheviks was the mobilization of the envious peasantry against the large landowners who held, incidentally, only 23 per cent of the arable land in 1916. (In England in 1917 more than half of the arable land was in the possession of large landholders). Without the peasants in its ranks, the Red Army could never have won the Civil War of 1918-1920. Never has a party disappointed its friends and supporters more brutally; no layer today is more fervently anti-Communist than the fragmented Soviet peasantry.

There remains in the Soviet Union a lasting fascination with America. This fascination with America is due to an almost wholly false picture of America. America is viewed as a country without conservative inhibitions, without tradition, without sentimentality, without personal affections, without religious ties and taboos—cool, pragmatic, matter-of-fact—despising the past and looking only to the future. This picture is utter nonsense, but there it is. In the writings of Lenin and Stalin, the phrase "Russian revolutionism and American pragmatic industriousness"—as an expression of the highest praise—occurs repeatedly. This fascination with a phantom America remains. American dances, American tunes, American fashions, American inventions, American words and expressions have a magical attraction. The Russians I met found it hard to believe me when I told them that in order to foster competition (as I had to explain) trusts in the United States were illegal and that every effort was made to block monopolies. The USSR is now, of course, the real paradise of state-owned monopolies. (Nobody was silly enough to say: "Yes, but they belong to the 'People'!") The reluctant admiration (or, rather, the official hate-love) for the United States stems from the assumption that one would only have to "de-capitalize" America, paint it red and hey presto! there would be another Soviet Union.

Basic Difference

I left with the impression that the Russian people are a splendid people, basically healthy and unspoiled, and that the idea that every nation has the government it deserves is plain nonsense.

The touchstone of our divergence is religion. It is its anti-religious attitude that makes Communism what it is. I see no reason why the Kremlin should change its anti-religious attitude, or how, on the other hand, we can condone the persecution of religion in the USSR. As a matter of fact, the anti-religious drive has been considerably stepped up in the last two years and it is a sign of great naiveté to believe that a religious repression has to be carried out with the help of concentration camps and firing squads. A totalitarian state has every imaginable means at its disposal: discrimination, taxes, ridicule, propaganda, indoctrination, state education. In spite of all these calculated and concentrated efforts the religious minority carries on heroically. True, in the few re-

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Letter from South America

Will the Terrorists Get Betancourt?

ROBERT PETER

In the warehouse of a U.S. film company in Caracas a bomb explodes. The metal film cases spatter about in all directions with an effect like shrapnel. A fourteen-year-old girl lies dead on the floor.

In a coffee house in Caracas the police are looking for the villains who have set off an explosion in the parking lot of a supermarket shortly before. They approach three suspicious characters—who immediately open fire. The customers throw themselves to the floor, and the police shoot it out with the terrorists—right there in the coffee house.

A train filled with excursionists bound for an amusement park on the outskirts of Caracas goes into a tunnel. Some of the "passengers" jump up and open fire, especially at the soldiers guarding the train. On the other side of the tunnel the murderers flee. Five men are dead, others wounded.

The list could go on and on. Every day in Venezuela there are new reports of raids, bombings, arson. Policemen and soldiers are killed. No one knows whether he won't be caught in a crossfire when he goes out for a harmless stroll. The terrorists want to bring down the Betancourt regime before the December elections. And if the terrorists cannot topple President Betancourt, they want at least to obstruct the elections. Their objective is, of course, to set up a revolutionary regime à la Castro in Venezuela.

First Big Success

The terrorists, the so-called FALN *(Fuerzas Armadas de Liberación Nacional)*, we are told, constitute only a small group, which can become unpleasant to be sure, but is no real danger. That is a fatal illusion! Apart from the fact that Fidel Castro has already shown how few men one needs to make a revolution, the Venezuelan terrorists have already attained one of their original goals: they have forced Betancourt to take steps that he himself abhors. In the beginning Betancourt believed in Communism; after he knew it better, he opposed it. He did the same with Castro. At the start he took Castro for what Castro gave himself out to be—a hero of liberty, who wanted to free his country from a dictator. Betancourt supported these endeavors as well as he could. But when he saw the bloody betrayal of the people, he turned away from Castro full of detestation; and Castro today considers him his Number One Enemy in Latin America. As a convinced anti-militarist Betancourt has never availed himself of the army for domestic matters; on the contrary, he has succeeded in a quite unexpected fashion in limiting the military to its proper domain. Although Betancourt's opponents use every means at hand, including terror, he has always kept the peace and has rejected anti-democratic countermeasures.

But today that will no longer do. FALN terrorism has forced Betancourt to do things he hates to do. He has had to call in the military and the police for support. He has abolished the immunity of parliament, because certain deputies have taken an active part in organizing terrorist acts. And he also has had to exclude the left-extremist parties from the forthcoming elections.

Nevertheless, the terrorist propaganda about Betancourt, the tyrant, misses the mark. In a situation like this there is advice available—expert advice indeed, from "Che" Guevara himself, who allows himself the luxury of telling the truth when the other Cuban leaders are lying, whether it's a matter of the sugar harvest or missile bases or guerrilla methods. Guevara says: in guerrilla operations the support of the population is an absolute essential. But it is precisely in the provinces that Betancourt is loved by the people, and that his party is strong. In this case, says Guevara, the thing to do is to institute terror, in order to convince the military that the civilian regime is too weak and that the military itself must seize power. Then you'll get the support of the general masses because military regimes are always hated. Especially in Venezuela.

Up to now the military has controlled itself with great discipline, but one hears whispers of growing restlessness. There are even rumors of plans for a coup. That would be exactly what the terrorists want. Castro spares no effort or expense in Venezuela, because it is, for him, the key to Latin America. Success would raise his prestige immeasurably and give powerful impetus to Castro-Communists in other countries, especially Colombia and Brazil.

Proposals of the Opposition

The conduct of the so-called "democratic opposition" is interesting, in particular that of Mr. Jóvito Villalba's *Unión Republicana Democrática*. Originally a partner in Betancourt's coalition, Jóvito Villalba came to believe he should hearken to the voice of the times, which seemed to be sounding out for Castro and against the Yankees. But the voice of the times got stuck in its craw and Jóvito Villalba no longer knows which way the wind will blow next. Not long ago, in company with another opposition leader, he visited Betancourt, to make these propositions: The regime should cease its measures of suppression; restore parliamentary immunity; promise not to molest the totalitarian parties and draw "politically independent" men into the cabinet. (Hitler in his time made precisely these proposals to the Austrian chancellor Schuschnigg, before he swallowed Austria.) The two opposition democrats condemned the use of force or violence on both sides. But they made proposals only to the regime, and not to the terrorists. They weren't *that* objective. Only Betancourt was censured.

The all important questions right now are: Can Betancourt hold out a few more days? Will the elections run off in an orderly way? Will the military make a push for power once again? Can the terrorists be kept under control somehow? Much more than the fate of Venezuela depends on the answers.

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New Frontieriana

The Hyannis Port Kid Rides Again

JOHN MORRESSY

"Look, ever'body! H'yar he comes! H'yar comes the Hyannis Port Kid!" shouted the old-timer, waving his battered hat.

"I declare, I never have seen anything like it," said Miss Elly, proprietress of the New Frontier, hurriedly signing a petition thrust at her by an odd-looking youth. "It warn't like this in *my* day."

It had never been like this at the New Frontier, in Miss Elly's day or anyone else's. The old-timers at their customary tables, the young cowpokes at the bar, and the growing crowd of loafers outside the swinging doors all felt that something big was in the air. The Hyannis Port Kid was meeting with the other top guns of the West, but no one knew why. They could only guess, and the chatter of the noisy crowd outside drowned out their speculations.

"Who's them fellers with the Kid, old-timer?"

"The tall 'un's Big Frenchy. Don't know t'other."

"T'other feller's an Englishman, I think," volunteered a young cowpoke.

"Gonna be any shootin'?" asked a sodbuster.

"Not less'n Red Nick shows up," the cowpoke said. "Reckon he'll come, old-timer?"

"Dunno. Never kin tell *whut* he's goin' to do. Hey, they're agoin' inside!"

"I'll git right to the p'int, pardners," the Hyannis Port Kid said when they had seated themselves. "Tell me, how'd you like to save all that money you're spendin' on .44 shells ever' month?"

"How we do that?" Frenchy said, amazed.

"Easy. We jes' hang up our guns."

"Sacré bleu!" gasped Big Frenchy.

"My word!" said the Englishman, tottering on his shooting stick.

"Oh, isn't that nice!" said Miss Elly, looking up from the appeal she was drafting.

"Hey, Keed, you crazy? What about Red Nick? We sure as hell can't disarm if he don't."

"Now that there's the one big problem," the Kid admitted. "Red Nick keeps on *a-talkin'* 'bout wantin' to hang up his guns, but I got my doubts."

"I say, Kid," interrupted the Englishman, "will he agree to unbutton that blasted overcoat he's always wearing, so we can make sure he's really disarmed?"

"Waal, he's kinda sensitive about inspections."

"Then how the devil are we supposed to know whether or not he's wearing a gun?"

"We jes' gotta take his word," the Kid said unhappily.

"What good's hees word? He's an outlaw, Keed!" Big Frenchy exploded. "I tell you thees," he continued, "unless I see Red Nick. . . ." The three men turned toward the door as a whispered name reached their ears, and they saw a short, stocky man in a massive black overcoat striding toward their table.

"Red Nick!" the Kid said, astonished. "Whut you doin' here?"

"Am coming to speak to Western leaders in person," the short man said, crashing down into a chair and shouting for vodka.

"Matter o' fact, Nick," said the Kid, "we was hopin' you'd come in. We been talkin' 'bout hangin' up our guns."

"Is wonderful idea!" Nick beamed. "Go ahead!"

"Waal, there's jes' one thing, Nick. If'n we hang up our guns, will you hang up your'n?"

"Foolish talk! Is seeing any guns on me?"

"Waal, we don't *see* none, but that overcoat . . ."

"Aggressor! Fascist! Warmonger!" Nick howled, whipping off a boot and slamming the table. "Is not trusting Nick? Is wanting to force a shoot-out?"

"That's jes' whut we're a-tryin' to avoid, Nick. Trouble is, we cain't figger out how."

"I know!" Miss Elly said brightly. "If you three gentlemen hang up *your* guns, then Mr. Nick will know you trust him, and I'm sure he'll hang up *his* guns, too. Then we'll all be happy and nobody's feelings will be hurt."

There was a moment of tense silence as the four men at the table looked deep into their own souls. Then the Hyannis Port Kid arose, scratching the back of his neck thoughtfully.

"I dunno. I jes' dunno," he said tensely. "I shore don't want to be the one to cause a shoot-out, but it jes' don't seem *right* this way. If'n you open up that coat, Nick, and show me you ain't wearin' a gun, I'll hang up my .44's. But there ain't no other way."

"Hear, hear!" said the Englishman. Big Frenchy, about to rise and embrace the Kid, was interrupted by Nick's outraged cry.

"Aggressor! Fascist! Warmonger!" Nick howled, pounding his boot on the table and ululating his now-familiar litany of accusations. "Am surrounded by all kinds of wolves and assassins!" He was warming to his subject, and as he took a deep breath to continue, the buttons on his overcoat began to show the strain.

"Am simple peace-loving man hoping to save world from horrors of shoot-out!" Nick went on. And then, at one deep breath, the buttons popped and the great black overcoat flew open. Underneath it, tucked into his belt next to a pair of tomahawks and a Bowie knife, Red Nick was wearing two of the biggest, dirtiest horse-pistols anyone in the New Frontier had ever seen. He tried desperately to cover them, but it was too late.

"Is all part of capitalist conspiracy!" he burst out, clutching his coat around him. "Am being forced to resume target practice in self-defense!" he called back over his shoulder as he burst out of the swinging doors into the astonished crowd.

"Do you really think he intends to resume target practice?" the Englishman asked anxiously.

The Kid's eyes narrowed. "If'n you do, Nick . . ."

The booming of a pair of horse-pistols rolled across the plain. The big crystal chandeliers in the New Frontier tinkled and the glasses danced on the tables.

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Special Report

Merry Christmas Walter Reuther

WILLIAM SCHULZ

For Walter Reuther, John Kennedy finally settled on the perfect Christmas gift: a beautiful matched set of federal judges.

Judges are not as easy to match as you may think. Having selected David Rabinovitz, an attorney for the United Auto Workers and Democratic National Committeeman, as Federal District Judge for western Wisconsin, where, for instance, could the President find a match for him, and with only 45 shopping days then to go?

David Rabinovitz has fought the class war his entire adult life, beginning in 1934 when he defended rioting strikers at Kohler, Wisconsin. The years slipped past until in 1954 he came to prominence, defending rioting strikers once again at Kohler, then as counsel for the UAW. Perhaps it's not the line of work you or I would choose, but Rabinovitz seemed to like it and the UAW obliged him with plenty of rioting strikers to defend. Rabinovitz for his part counseled the UAW on the legal niceties of rioting. This symbiosis added to Rabinovitz' clientele the likes of John Gunaca and William Vinson, leaders in the UAW honor roll that piled up nearly one thousand recorded and attested acts of violence and vandalism in the bitter Kohler strike.

Rabinovitz Slowed Up

"Unacceptable," said the American Bar Association when notified of Rabinovitz' appointment, and its objections have delayed his confirmation by the Senate (the Judiciary Committee is presently holding hearings on the confirmation). Then the Wisconsin Bar Association polled its 5,055 members, of whom a startling 3,350 — two-thirds — responded. Of these, 2,040 thought that Rabinovitz was not qualified to sit on the federal bench while only 793 thought he was: the ratio was thus more than 5-2 against.

Even the steadfastly-Liberal *Capital Times*, Madison's most influential organ, found Rabinovitz' nomination "almost unbelievable." See what I meant about the difficulty of matching judges?

Equally almost unbelievable was the Presidential nomination, three days after Rabinovitz', of George Clifton Edwards Jr., to the Sixth Circuit (Detroit) Court of Appeals. A match, though.

Another Reuther colleague, Edwards can trace his legal experience back to 1935, when he was thrown into jail in Fort Smith, Arkansas for "barratry." He'd gone thence as a representative of the League for Industrial Democracy to help the downtrodden "sharecroppers and relief workers." The *Daily Worker* called his arrest a "frame-up."

Later that year Edwards was elected National Chairman of the American Student Union, a group that subsequently was cited as a Communist front. In his ASU activities, Edwards helped plan a nationwide "student strike" against war, ASU members being called on to "refuse to defend the United States Government in any war."

Edwards joined the United Auto Workers in 1936 and soon became an organizer. He ran the union's bloody Yale and Towne strike in 1937, when UAW members hurled lead weights and tear gas bombs at police. Ignoring a court injunction, he staged a 1937-style sit-in, and got 30 days in the cooler for his trouble. The court had this to say about it: "The testimony in this case is overwhelming that these respondents contemptuously defied the orders of the court to evacuate the plant of the plaintiff. This has ceased to be a labor controversy. It is not even a question of the legality of a sitdown strike. It has passed beyond this stage and it has become a question of whether we have a government of laws or not. The order of this court was not appealed. If these respondents may defy the lawful order of this court then any person has the right to defy any and all ordinances and laws."

Edwards did not cool for his thirty days. He flexed his organizing skills instead. No one had, after all, ever enlisted prison inmates in a union. In no time at all Edwards had recruited 30 of the prisoners and told UAW Secretary-Treasurer George Addes that he could expect all 150 there to join. He drew plans for a representation election under the Wagner Act, confident he could win a 40-hour week and paid vacations. Before he could set this in motion, unfortunately Edwards' sentence ran out.

Edwards in Action

Back out of prison Edwards rose quickly in the UAW hierarchy to become Welfare Director, then went into politics. In a phenomenally successful career he ran more than a dozen times for public office, and was elected Detroit City Councilman, President of the City Council, Probate Judge, Circuit Judge and Michigan Supreme Court Justice. Only in 1949, when he sought the Detroit Mayoralty, was he beaten. The *Detroit Free Press*, in an editorial urging Edwards' defeat, observed: "As far as we can ascertain, Edwards came to Detroit as an organizer for the Socialist Party."

Edwards served on a Michigan Supreme Court that "open[ed] and close[d] on motion of the CIO," according to the *Detroit News*. He has been severely criticized for a pro-labor bias. In 1953, for instance, he wrote the majority decision overturning a long-standing interpretation, a decision that came to be known as a major UAW victory. When Edwards appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee, Senator Dirksen commented: "It would occur to me that as a matter of good judicial practice you should have disqualified yourself in that case. Now, Justice Goldberg almost invariably disqualifies himself when a similar set of circumstances occur." Nonsense, said Edwards, noting that it had been more than a decade since he had been on the UAW payroll (although the UAW financed his successful campaigns for office). In his new position, Edwards said, he would not disqualify himself from labor-management disputes.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Ruminations on Small Towns

Though the American suburb swells to bursting-point, the genuine small town that so many of us knew seems to be sick today. I offer here, then, some desultory defense of the little town, and some word of cheer. First for my observations on the virtues of living on the humane scale.

Kirk

1) Since urban life commenced, the imagination and vigor of the leaders—and even the typical inhabitants — of great cities have been drawn from small communities. Notoriously, great cities (even today) consume their own denizens, recruiting fresh energies from small town and countryside. Few folk who have been city-bred for many generations show much originality or drive. From Samuel Johnson in the eighteenth century to the Irish or Yorkshire policeman of today, the city of London, for example, has subsisted by attracting small-town and rural people of integrity and strength. This is quite as true of New York.

Now if the small-town and rural sources of civic energy dry up, where will the metropolis of the future find its leaders? Where, indeed, will it find its inhabitants of average diligence and "normal" motives? Even now, the typical resident of Chicago or Detroit either was born in a small town or on a farm, or else is the son of small-town or rural parents. What happens when the traditions of the small-scale community are forgotten altogether?

2) Politically, a country in which power is concentrated in a few cities tends to become more subject to ideology and demagoguery, with fewer centers of resistance and balance against the slogans of the hour. The domination of France by the Parisian rioter, for a hundred and seventy years, is sufficient example. Diversity, and the checking and balancing of power, are not really consonant with the society of complete urbanization.

3) in terms of human contentment, people yearn naturally—however vaguely—for a community in which they can know their neighbors, find permanence, exercise some personal influence, and find roots in the past and hope for continuity. People wholly urbanized, anonymous and apparently impotent to control their own courses, are dwarfed and discouraged by the social and technological mechanisms. This condition breeds neuroses and personal frustrations. The great twentieth-century "proletarian cosmopolis" is too big for either justice or abiding loyalties.

Winesburg and Thrums

Derision and commination of small-town existence, as represented more than a generation ago by *Main Street* and *Winesburg, Ohio*, have given way to a justifiable nostalgia. Life sometimes is mean, trivial, and malicious in small places; yet human character does not improve in the mob. On balance, Thrums is preferable to Glasgow—for its average inhabitants—and Winesburg is better than Cleveland.

One need not wholly abandon hope for the survival of the small community. Here I permit a few rays of cheerfulness to break in.

1) There exists a strong tendency for modern industry to shift, when possible, from the big cities to small towns, where social discontents are less intense. This restores economic function, and a degree of local pride and self-sufficiency; it replaces the rural markets which the small town has been losing.

2) At various political and cultural levels, we are beginning to realize that the gigantic city has become unmanageable, and that small-town community is a tolerable alternative to urban collectivism. The fascination of city life and city wages has been diminished by the ugliness and insecurity of the twentieth-century city, and by the almost prohibitive cost of urban living. So more and more people stick to small towns when they can, or seek to return there—and the loss of enterprising talents to the city is less than once it was.

3) As the postwar suburbs settle down, some of them may assume many of the characteristics of the old small town. The prosperity of suburban and small-city newspapers, as contrasted with the decline of many big-city dailies, is one symptom of this. Increasingly, the amorphous city of the years between the wars seems to be breaking up into a ring of suburban communities, with their own shopping centers, theaters, parks, local governments, and even traditions: in essence, revived small towns sharing the common hub of a decayed downtown complex.

Plato and Aristotle thought that a city with one thousand to five thousand male citizens capable of bearing arms would be a most satisfactory community: should it grow bigger, it might lose coherence and the possibility of true civic freedom. In America, the framework of political "territorial democracy," and the magnificent distances, delayed for a time the triumph of urban sprawl. But now we must give some sober consideration to means for arresting small-town decay.

Karl Marx's vision of the future, in which town and country would merge in one endless communal blur, possibly may be realized in a "capitalistic" society. But it cannot be a happy condition. The small town, rather than the urban-suburban sprawl, still offers a pattern for living and working that we may preserve and reinvigorate.

The work of restoration, for the most part, must be accomplished by people who still live in small towns. Such people ought to cherish every local quality and difference, and even local eccentricity: they ought not to try to make their town a shabby copy of some metropolis already grown shabby. Upon their energy and imagination may depend much of the character of American society during the next hundred years.

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Marginal Notes

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

On the road to Damascus
an old peddler complained
that he, not Saul, should have
heard the voice of Jesus.

"I was twenty yards behind him,"
he said, "just twenty yards.
But God never liked my people,
and you know those Jews
always stick together."

• •

I hate Cromwell.

He did not love his evil
but dressed it fussily
in mother-hubbards
like a missionary in Papua.

He exacerbated power
like a boy teasing a drunk
but could not offer it half
the lust he bestowed on his haircut.

He fought his war not to convulse
the soul of England, but for
the right to put the cat out.

Old Joshua hated the sound of trumpets
and claimed to those who would listen
that he was tone-deaf and knew no geography.

He would walk among the tumbled stones
muttering that God's whisper was to blame
and Jericho a town he might as easily
have missed had he not made a wrong turning.

Upon this tumbril Frenchmen
picking straw from jail-soiled linen
tittered of death before tumescent mobs,
or smiled at history and the guillotine.

The executioner had more eschatology
in the sharp bristles of his chin
than the posturing marquis sickening
the moment with his unconcern.

The public orgasm that was their epitaph
seeded no victory, begat the ecstasy
of other tumbrils, proliferated
colder, more scientific deaths.

Oedipus, his beard aflame with gore,
knew history better.
He struck his blindness crying
anguish, not polite disdain.

• •

At Tours, the Semite hun
turned and raced his horses
to warmer plains, terraced
and irrigated and safe.

Later he did not build as well
in Granada for the hoofbeats
still echoed, and Jews wrote
his prescriptions.

Beyond Jeb' el-Tarik and the Strai
there was Fez and Marrakesh—
the gold-velvet Berber women
and the dark-skinned desert boys.

But Tours was a fixture of memory.

Retreating, he found a destiny
in rotting streets and whined for alms.

• •

Lesbos was not a pleasant island,
no Athens with its clever talk,
but there was a goatherd with pretensions
and a servant girl who sometimes washed.
Together they made a poem for a lady
with seeking eyes, no gentleness, and money.

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Ecce Ike

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Why this book? Mr. Eisenhower is a public-spirited man and feels the average man's desire for self-justification. Put the average man in the White House, as we recently did, and the desire for self-justification will spill over into a very long book, even as happened with the quintessentially reserved Mr. Coolidge. Yet while it may have satisfied Mr. Eisenhower to write this volume, it will not greatly satisfy the people who read it, except perhaps those who are truly reassured to know that anyone can be President.

But he must have his due. Dwight Eisenhower is not a man of average skills. He is, on his feet, far more eloquent than most; his personality is infinitely more magnetic than yours or mine; he is a super-competent administrator, and incomparably the master of his own career. He has—and the contrary opinion notwithstanding, I believe this is as surely his gift as Marian Anderson's voice is hers—an absolutely perfected political sense. There never was, in all American history, a more successfully self-serving politician. Eisenhower did nothing whatever for the Republican Party; nothing to develop a Republican philosophy of government; nothing to catalyze a meaty American conservatism. But he was unswervingly successful himself. He never went after anything involving himself that he did not get; and I have no doubt that if—as recently he confessed to reporters he sometimes dreams it did—it had happened that the 22nd Amendment to the Constitution had been repealed, he would even now be President of the U.S.

Mandate for Change: 1953-1956, by Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday, $6.95

Mr. Eisenhower tells in this book of his thoughts and of the acts he engineered, while President of the United States during the first four years. A sequel is to come. What does he add to our understanding of him? In respect of the thinking that underlay his decisions, nothing at all —we knew it all before, had plumbed its awesome philosophical emptiness, had taken comfort or despaired, according as we were of the political Right or Left, over the torque of his superficial opinions. There is nothing here to give substance to Progressive Moderation as political philosophy, if that sacred word can be used to describe the agglutination of ideas, hunches, prejudices, reflexes, and accommodations that Mr. Eisenhower offers up as his *Weltanschauung*.

Where the reader is rewarded, and the pickings are exasperatingly slim, is in occasional factual revelations. For instance, he and Dulles apparently discussed the advisability of leaving the Geneva Summit Conference of 1955 in a huff, in open protest against the intransigence of the Soviet delegation after the first three days. (Patience prevailed.) I did not know, and am very interested to learn, that in 1951 he wrote a Sherman-like statement disavowing any interest in the Presidency—and then tore it up when an isolationist senator (unidentified—and more anon about his exasperating refusal to give us the inside stuff) confided his opposition to the whole idea of a collective European defense plan (Eisenhower thereupon resolved to remain a "mysterious" political entity, the better to exert pressure on Congress). He tells us a nice anecdote the point of which is to reveal Stalin's lack of a sense of humor, though to be sure there are those who never ever suspected he had one. The nomination of Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia turns out, interestingly enough, to have been Dulles's idea. I did not know, and am horrified to learn, that the great Arthur Vanderbilt recommended William Brennan for the Supreme Court. Churchill was originally opposed to the European Defense Community. Attlee wanted to get rid of Chiang Kai-shek. Zhukov was a broken man at Geneva, after his humiliation toward the end of Stalin's career.

Eisenhower: *"one of [his] primary difficulties has to do with the unmastered science, or art, of communication."*

And that's about it. What Ike knows and won't, or at any rate doesn't, tell, is infuriating to a reader who plunks down $6.95 seeking something more than a book-length verbalization of the President's press conferences. Little things and big things. Why did he slight Truman on Inauguration Day by declining to walk into the White House to escort him out? Why does he suppress his feelings about Taft during the months before the nominating convention? Why did he embrace Senator Jenner during the campaign of 1952? Why, in his defense of Bohlen, does he not discuss Bohlen's defense of Yalta, which was the principal criticism of him when his nomination was be-

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Random Notes

● MOVIES: Biggest flop ever in Minneapolis, *Freud* played to empty houses for two weeks, until exhibitors complained that, high-class film or no, the good people of Minneapolis are as innocent of the Id and the Dragon Slayer Nonpareil as Bulgaria of Edgar A. Guest. Presto! *Freud* whisked away, new movie in its place called *Secret Passion*, about this mind reader and scientific hypnotist, sort of a cross between Young Doctor Malone and Norman Vincent Peale, and you can break your arm trying to buy a ticket, and all the neighborhoods are running it, too. . . . Another switch becoming standard around the Republic is the substitution of bloodletting, sadism, and mayhem for the nudist and bare-bosom movies. Less trouble, say the managers. Sheriffs and bumbailiffs drive you mad over the nudies—irate parents, and flying squads of Presbyterians, none of whom bat an eyelash at splashing blood and ripped flesh. O rest happy, Junior isn't at the flics admiring a navel or dimpled backside; he's seeing Dave Friedman's *Blood Feast*, the first scene of which depicts the tearing off of an arm. . . .

Now El Greco to be immortalized on celluloid, with Mel Ferrer, for Impala Films. . . . Canada catches up and sets up a Film Archive in Montreal, beginning its collection with the movies of Jean Renoir. . . . Walt Disney currently has fifty-eight feature films on the screens (not to mention shorts and cartoons), and nineteen in the making. . . . And the Japanese, smitten as always with crazes, if a bit tardy, are searching the country for a Nipponese Marilyn, to star in a movie to be called *Monro-e-no Yona On-na*, or *A Girl Just Like Honorable Monroe* . . . but the learned Chinese have been further enlightened and Romantic Love is Out, as *Variety* reports with horror. "Love between man and woman," Peking decrees, "is a psychosomatic activity which consumes energy and wastes time."

● PRIZES: The Lamont Prize, given annually by the American Academy of Poets to the best first book of poems, will not be given this year as the judges could not agree on a winner.

● YOU WEAR THE ROSE-COLORED SPECS AND I'LL WEAR THE SHADES: Senator Keating says the Commies haven't *yet* infiltrated folk music. O my!

● BOOKS: Horizon Press's magnificent *Buildings, Plans, and Designs* by Frank Lloyd Wright (noticed recently in these columns) has upped the price from $65 to $75 (or $60 before Dec. 2). . . . Yale announces a series of books on living American artists, to begin with Lloyd Goodrich's *Drawings of Edwin Dickinson* ($12.50). . . . Kenneth Shorey, formerly editorial assistant at NATIONAL REVIEW, will have his *The Death of the Theatre* published by Regnery in the spring. . . . Simon & Schuster have decided to try a little French culture only twenty years out of date but decidedly lively: Marc Saporta's novel *Composition No. 1* (translated by Richard Howard) is printed on loose pages, shuffled, to be read in any order you can discover, and sold in a box. . . . At the May Company in Cleveland, an undertaker arrived livid in the book department, asked for Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death*, tore off and up its dust-jacket, and said, "She doesn't believe in frills; I don't believe in frills."

ing debated? What did he really think of Nixon? How can he say that none of his confidants ever betrayed a confidence or spoke ill of him, when Emmet Hughes has even now a book on the best-seller list, which does to Eisenhower roughly what Klaus Fuchs did to the Atomic Energy Commission?

And so on. So proper, so discreet is our ex-President, that he resists even the most human calls to political salacity. "In the whole sorry mess of thirty-six sessions [of the McCarthy-Army hearings] the audience was absorbed in such details as [a], [b], [c], and finally a near fist fight between Roy Cohn and the counsel for Democratic members of the subcommittee." Now there are those of us who remember who that was, but which of us would have refrained from mentioning that the counsel for Democratic members of the subcommittee was Robert Kennedy? One can, having, after all, no alternative, forgive a bad President. But can one forgive a man with so deaf an ear for political piquancy who hawks his memoirs?

And since Mr. Eisenhower's book submits to literary as well as political evaluation, it should perhaps be said that this is almost certainly his own book, *i.e.*, that there was obviously no Emmet Hughes around when some of *these* sentences were put together. For the most part it is good plain prose, though there are lapses into what some people have called West Point English (who, however, fail to account for the fact that General Eisenhower and General MacArthur presumably had the same English teachers). "The year 1948 saw the institution of the West Berlin blockade on the part of the Soviets" is a sentence which actually sees its institution in this book on the part of Eisenhower.

He faces bravely the criticisms of his heroic decision to permit his press conferences to be transcribed exactly. "This decision," he writes in the understatement of the era, "made a number of people nervous." It must have made the Muses hysterical. "I soon learned"—he explains—"that ungrammatical sentences in the transcripts caused many to believe that I was incapable of using good English; indeed several people who have examined my private papers, many in my handwriting, have expressed outright astonishment that in my writings syntax and grammatical structure were at least adequate"—page 232. (Page 317: "This occasioned the sharpest flareup I can recall between my staff and I.")

Indeed it is altogether conceivable that one of Mr. Eisenhower's primary difficulties has to do with the unmastered science, or art, of communication. In discussing the qualifications for a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed Mr. Vinson,

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Will Kennedy be a one-term President?

J.F.K.
the MAN and the MYTH

by Victor Lasky A critical portrait of John F. Kennedy—his family, his advisors, his record in Congress and as President—250,000 words—653 pages—fully documented.

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- Surprising evidence that, at the age of 40, Kennedy's personal finances were managed by his father
- Kennedy's reputation among his Congressional colleagues
- How Joseph P. Kennedy amassed his huge fortune in the stock market and the liquor trade
- Why Kennedy's grandfather was expelled from Congress
- How Kennedy arranged to run for the House while not a resident of his district
- Why New York Supreme Court Justice Hecht called the Kennedys "greedy"
- Lyndon Johnson's "eyeball-to-eyeball" confrontation that left Kennedy quivering
- Hedda Hopper's revelations about Joseph Kennedy's hasty withdrawal from the movie business
- Why Joseph Kennedy refused to send his sons to Catholic schools
- The men behind Kennedy—Sorensen, Schlesinger, Bundy, Galbraith, etc.—and the power they wield
- The bitter feud between the Kennedys and Eleanor Roosevelt
- The evidence behind Barry Goldwater's charge that Kennedy covered up for Walter Reuther before the Senate Labor Rackets Committee
- Kennedy's friendship with the Hollywood "Rat Pack" and Porfirio Rubirosa, gay-blade son-in-law of Dictator Trujillo
- The hilarious, incredible, tear-drenched scene that saw Humphrey throw his votes to Kefauver and thus defeat Kennedy for the Vice-Presidential spot in 1956
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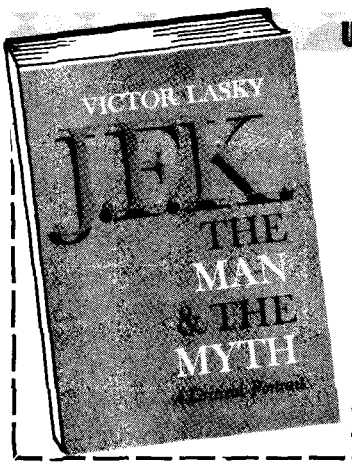
About the Author

Victor Lasky has been a star reporter, script writer, public relations counsellor, editorial and feature writer for 25 years. Co-author of the bestselling *Seeds of Treason*, the story of the Hiss-Chambers case, Mr. Lasky has contributed to such leading magazines as *Saturday Review, National Review, Reader's Digest, The New Leader, Human Events* and *Parade*. He writes a nationally syndicated column for the North American Newspaper Alliance.



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for instance, he asserts that he excluded from consideration ". . . any candidates known to hold extreme legal or philosophic views." What on earth does that mean?—and never mind for the moment the irony of his having ended up with Warren. What is an "extreme legal view"? Or an "extreme philosophic view"? Does one hold an extreme legal view who relentlessly insists on the presumption of innocence in criminal proceedings? Does one hold an extreme philosophical view who holds adamantly to the idea of the separation of powers? Presumably the author means "extremist" where he says "extreme"; means "legalistic" where he uses "legal"; and means "ideological" where he uses its noble antithesis "philosophical." Even a President, when he writes, must, like other writers, *communicate*. Better, surely, to have charged $7.95 and paid a professional externalizer to wrench out of him what he meant to say; or even better, to force the author to reflect on the fact that he isn't really meaning anything at all.

I cavil? If so let me put an end to it. It is my judgment that this book is, as history, unbelievably, perhaps even unforgivably, trivial. It is shot through with sheer travesty. His treatment of the McCarthy problem is, or ought to be, beyond even the patience of the most servile devotee of the McCarthy myth—I know of no one, save possibly Eleanor Roosevelt, who could have equalled it. As political philosophy it is pathetically, and even frighteningly, jejune. (Again, one thinks of Eleanor Roosevelt.) There is one and only one passage of striking philosophical significance. It is one in which Mr. Eisenhower comes close to articulating a, yes, existentialist metaphysics for the middle of the road. "Frankly," he writes, "I think that the critical problem of our time is to find and stay on the path that marks the way of logic between conflicting arguments advanced by extremists on both sides of almost every economic, political and international problem that arises. Anything that affects or is proposed for masses of humans is wrong if the position it seeks is at either end of possible argument"! My exclamation point. How could any man who thinks that, qualify, say, to sit as a member of a court? Let alone serve as commander-in-chief of the Western powers? The answer, of course, is that

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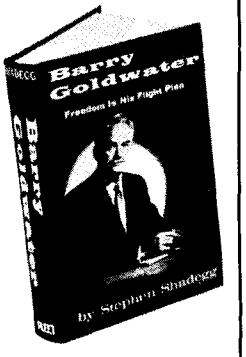

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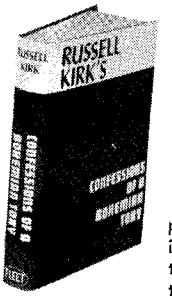

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he was not qualified. He was elected. There is a difference.

Well, he served, and he bequeathed us a world every bit as troubled, in so many ways more far gone in trouble, than the world Mr. Eisenhower took over when he began his long term of office. He harps perhaps more than on any other theme, on the necessity for a limited government and a balanced budget; but his budget was balanced only once during his eight years, and he was forever endorsing, in every field you ever heard of, an increase in the government's role—while solemnly fighting epiphenomenal government activity, *e.g.*, in the field of public power. He left office well after the great gold lesion had been struck open; when Khrushchev, cynically exploiting the author's patience, was hard at work implementing his canny designs, in the cozy interstices between the Spirits of Geneva and Camp David. He did nothing, did not even try to do anything, about the monopoly labor unions, which continue, with effusive effrontery, to intimidate the nation and the worker. He did nothing when the Soviet Union, eschewing an assault against Quemoy and Matsu—which Eisenhower courageously hung on to, but doing so rather as an obsession than as a simple act of strategical consistency—settled instead for a salient into the Caribbean.

Is it any wonder that the politically active youth of today who lean to the Right, go months and years without giving a moment's thought to Eisenhower's name, or Eisenhower's program, as suggesting in any serious way a serious approach to the complex demands of our tortured age?

On the 'Federalist'

The State of Our Understanding

WILLMOORE KENDALL

THE FEDERALIST PAPERS, as every schoolboy knows, first appeared over the signature "Publius." A French translation, published in 1792, cracked the news that the actual authors were Hamilton, Madison, and Jay. And not until 1802 was Publius' identity—at no point in the Papers does he admit that he helped write the Constitution he is defending—revealed in an American printing.

When Henry Cabot Lodge published his edition of the *Federalist* in 1898, he was able to list no less than twenty-four previous editions, among them:

The McLean edition of 1788, which included the 77 of the 85 Papers that had previously appeared in newspapers, and eight (78-85) for which it is the *editio princeps*. Nearly all subsequent editions reproduce the McLean text with only minor emendations.

The Hopkins edition of 1802, which, besides divulging Publius' identity, assigned each of the Papers to one of the three authors—and thereby prepared the way for one of the great literary controversies of American history: Was the list on which its assignments were based really drawn

The Federalist, edited by Benjamin F. Wright. Harvard, $10.00

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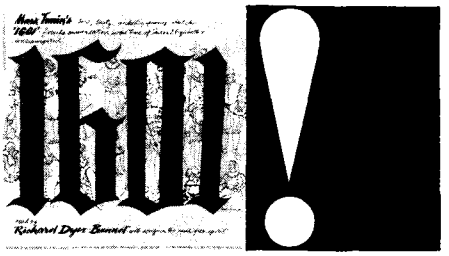

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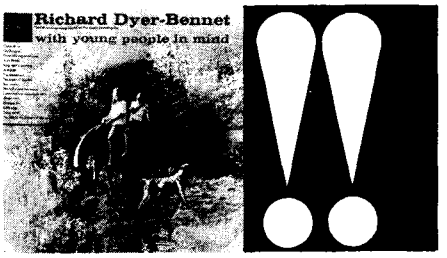

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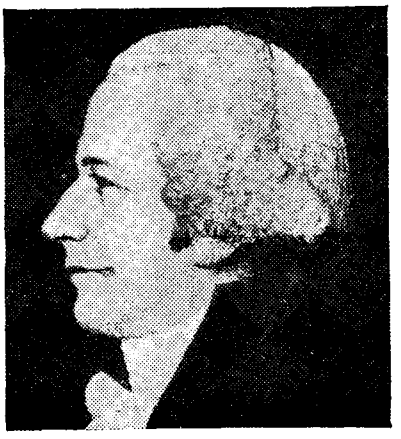
up by Alexander Hamilton? If so, did Hamilton claim for himself certain Papers that he did not write?

The Gideon edition of 1818, which was printed from Madison's "personal" copy of the McLean edition, and so took Madison's word as to who wrote what Papers, thus joining the battle.

The Hamilton edition of 1864 (the editor was Alexander Hamilton's son, J. C.). It returned to the attributions of the alleged Hamilton list, and fed further fire to the controversy. The famous *Lodge edition of 1888* and the famous *Ford edition of 1898* both leaned towards the Hopkins attributions.

The concrete question was, to begin with, this: Did Madison, as he claimed in the Gideon edition, write 29 of the 85 Papers, or only 14?—the latter being the number Hamilton supposedly attributed to him in



Alexander Hamilton

a document called the "Benson list," because Hamilton allegedly deposited it with his friend Judge Benson just before he went off to get himself killed in his duel with Aaron Burr.

But the controversy has gone through several phases, as some of the putative Hamilton claims have been abandoned by the "pro-Hamiltonians" and the relevant papers conceded to Madison—as, for example, with Broadus Mitchell, who concedes certain Papers on the grounds that Hamilton, under stress because of the impending duel and insufficiently collected to transpose Roman numerals into Arabic, claimed in the Benson list ten Papers that he did not intend to claim.

The controversy chronicled briefly in the Introduction to the Wright edition and fully and authoritatively in the Cooke edition, both new edi-

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tions here under review, is presumably now over, in the sense that all the evidence is apparently "in," and that, mercifully, there is not much more to be said about it. Wright and Cooke are very close together in their attributions: Wright assigns 18-30, for which the Benson list claims authorship for Hamilton, to Madison: so does Cooke, except that he notes in brackets that there is "some evidence" that these Papers were written with Hamilton's assistance. Both Wright and Cooke assign 62 and 63 to Madison, though Wright puts a "(?)" after Madison's name and Cooke writes "[Alexander Hamilton]" beneath it. Wright assigns 49-58—including, therefore, the famed and basic 51—unambiguously to Madison; Cooke writes "[Alexander Hamilton]" beneath Madison's name on 50-52 and 54-58.

Madison's Gideon edition claims would appear to have been sufficiently vindicated, though not, let me be clear, in any way that imputes dishonesty or self-seeking to Hamilton. Readers of science fiction will be relieved to learn that the IBM machines give the same answer, on this vexed question, as pre-Sputnik-type scholarship: fed with "word frequencies" based on papers *known* to have been written by the respective claimants and word frequencies from the "disputed papers," the machines spew up the Gideon-Madison attributions.

IT IS GOOD, as I have already intimated, that the controversy should at last be stilled. Hamilton's and Madison's first instinct, even after their participation in the *Federalist* had become known, was to keep mum as to who had written which papers; it was a sound and decorous instinct. The Papers had been a *collaboration*, presumably representing the "collective" views of the three authors as to what needed to be said in defense and explication of the new Constitution; and one could wish, from the standpoint both of scholarship and of decorum, that is, of decent respect for the collaborators' privacy, that it had been left at just that. Then the energies that have gone into "rounding out" the views expressed by one of the authors in this or that Paper by appealing to his other writings; or into illuminating what one of the authors wrote elsewhere by appealing to what

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he wrote in the *Federalist*; or into raising and ventilating questions as to the "sincerity" of the views expressed in the *Federalist* and the "contradictions" back and forth between "Madison's" Papers and "Hamilton's" Papers—these energies *might* have gone into actual study of this greatest achievement of American political philosophy, in terms simply of what it, the *Federalist* as a *whole*, actually says and means.

Instead, the *Federalist* still awaits its first competent analyst-critic; nowhere, for example, in the vast secondary literature concerning Publius' thought, is there to be found an answer even to the question, how did he expect the new constitutional system actually to work? Or, more concretely, who, under this new form of government, was to have the "last say"? Perhaps, with the authorship controversy abated, our scholars can now get around to such questions; and in that sense at least, these new editions, especially that by Cooke, close out a phase both in the publishing history and in the critical history of the *Federalist*:

1) We at last have a dependable *text* of the *Federalist*. Cooke has admirably collated the several competing texts.

2) We have, also in the Cooke edition, a not unambitious start toward the annotations and cross-references appropriate to a definitive critical edition of the *Federalist*.

3) We have, still again in the Cooke edition, a printing of our masterwork in political philosophy that, from the standpoint of typography, begins to be worthy of it: a printing with wide margins and generous breathing-space between the lines, in a good bold type-face, that is a delight to hold in one's hands.

4) We have, in the Wright edition, a start—a poor one, but a start—toward the index appropriate to a definitive critical edition.

5) We have, also in the Wright edition, a full-dress introduction which, precisely because it is so bad in precisely the way in which it is bad, will make it an extremely useful landmark for future *Federalist* scholarship.

One could not ask for a better summary than Wright's of "respectable" opinion among political scientists up to a recent date as to what the *Federalist* does say and mean, as to its status in the American political tradition, and as to its bearing upon the problems of democratic theory. Wright is unsensitized to those developments in American political theory that, over the past ten years, have rendered not only necessary but unavoidable a complete revaluation of the *Federalist* under all three of these headings. His introduction is a *Summa* of what we may call the simplistic approach to the *Federalist*, which sees in it nothing surprising, nothing exciting, above all nothing problematic. Five years hence it will seem barely credible that it should have been written at so late a moment in the development of *Federalist* criticism. But it will, for that very reason, have great value as a museum-piece.

The Passing Scene

The Last Apple

FRANCIS RUSSELL

The apple reddening at the tip of the bough, the very last, that the pickers overlooked or could not reach. Sappho

So gawky is any translation. No one can capture the autumn enchantment of Sappho's last apple in English, any more than one could translate the bloom of Housman's orchards into French. The apple is the most classical of fruits and at the same time the most magical. In the Babylonian story of creation an apple tree stood in the midst of the fields of the blessed, and those who tasted its glowing fruits received the gift of immortality. That Babylonian tree was the precursor of the Garden of Eden's Tree of Life. Although in the Bible Eve took from the neighbor-

ing tree of the knowledge of good and evil an unnamed fruit "good for food" and "pleasant to the eye," nevertheless the Jewish and Christian traditions have always held that it was an apple she gave to Adam.

At the western rim of the world the three daughters of Hesperus guarded the golden apples of the sunset on the glimmering tree that had sprung up to mark the nuptials of Zeus and Hera. Hippomenes used the three apples that Aphrodite had brought him from the temple garden of her own island of Cyprus to tempt Atalanta from her fleetness. Paris, choosing beauty above riches and glory, gave Eros' apple of discord, inscribed "For the fairest," to the goddess of love and so brought on the Trojan War. It was Hercules' eleventh labor to steal the apples of the Hesperides.

There is almost as much magic in the sonorous and fruitful apple names as in the legends: Gravenstein; Worcester Pearmain; the greenish yellow stippled with crimson of the Red Astrachan; the yellow of the Winesap splashed with red; Blenheim; the heavily striped Alexander from Russia; the Orange Pippin's deceptively modest green; Arctic Red; Grenadier; and giant Gloria Mundi. More prosaic, but with their own transatlantic charm, are Golden Sweet, Champlain, Roxbury Russet, Ben Davis, Jonathan, Rhode Island Greening, Cortland, Northern Spy, Yellow Transparent, Rome Beauty.

In the earlier decades of this century the McIntosh, developed a hundred years ago from seedlings grown wild in Canada, became the favorite American apple. As an apple it is innocuous. It has a fragrance, a certain bloom when picked, but it is too even-skinned, too unsubstantially pretty, its flesh too white and commonplace in flavor. Compared with the Baldwin, that rough-skinned product of the granite-seamed Massachusetts earth, it lacks character. One associates the Baldwin with those Currier & Ives lithographs of the New England autumn, the happy pickers, and the orchard trees bent down under the weight of the apple clusters. The McIntosh suggests the supermarket.

Best of all American apples is the Hubbardston, a name so forgotten today that it means nothing even to

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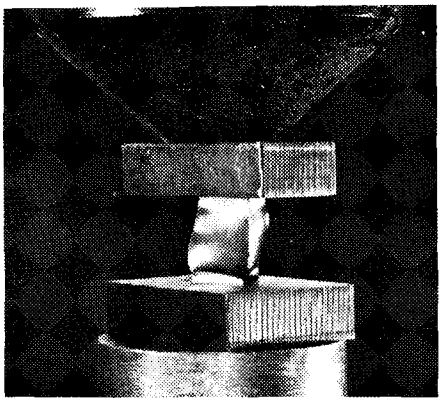

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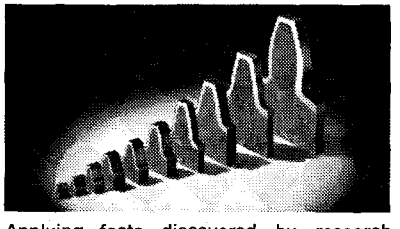

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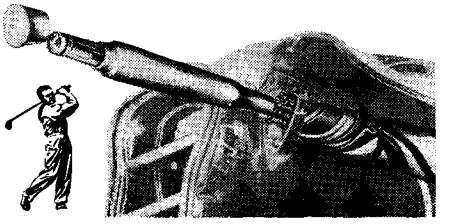
horticulturists. Outwardly it looks much like a Baldwin although there is a glimpse of gold behind its crimson. The flesh is very firm, honey-tinted, and with a juice-sustaining blend of tartness and sweetness and appleness that I have found in no other apple in the world except the outwardly puny Cox's Orange Pippin, and even there to an inferior extent. Why this superb fruit has been allowed to disappear I do not know, but undoubtedly there are low commercial reasons for it. Possibly one cannot grow as many to a tree or an acre. The Hubbardston may be more difficult to pack, slower to ripen. It does not have the high-colored prettiness of a center-piece.

I know a gnarled and decaying apple tree in Scituate, Massachusetts, that in spite of all neglect still brings forth a small crop of Hubbardstons each year. No one, except the tent caterpillars in the spring and myself in the autumn, ever visits it. It is never pruned, never dunged, never sprayed, and those apples that do not fall off of their own accord are left to hang there until they are beaten down by the winter storms. Every September I go there to pick myself a basketful of them. They are all more or less wormy, and one has to nibble round the worm-holes. But as I stand under the tree in the long sunlight cautiously munching one Hubbardston after another, glancing up at the few remaining red and gold globes among the bare branches, I think that this old tree—purged of its insects and dead timber—would flourish most fittingly in the magic garden at the edge of the Western world.

The most popular apple in the United States today is the newest, the Delicious, that originated somewhere in Iowa just before the first World War. Any stranger can learn much about our society merely by biting into one, for the Delicious is a dead-sea apple become a national fruit and is as insipid as its namby-pamby name. Elongated to distortion, it looks more like a knobbled wax ornament than an apple. It is too large, too ostentatiously red (or in its golden variation much too yellow). Its flesh is thinly sweet but otherwise tasteless, the apple flavor bred out of it. Those oversize Deliciouses that come from the far West are so juiceless that they pucker the mouth. To bite into them is like bit-



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ing a wad of cotton. The eastern Deliciouses are at least sappy, but the juice is like sugared water.

Year by year the orchards expand with their Delicious crops, and the Gravensteins and the Astrachans and the Transparents go the way of the Hubbardston. The McIntosh persists, and is certainly better to eat, but the Baldwin lingers behind a poor third. Apple growers tell me that before too many years there will just be the Big Two, the Delicious and the minority McIntosh. Yet an apple is more than just a cellophane-wrapped fruit in a super-market. It is something basic, like the bread we eat, and when both turn to dead-sea pulp in our mouths, we have lost more than taste.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN TEACHERS, by James B. Conant (McGraw-Hill, $5.00). Teachers, as everyone knows, have no time to learn *what* they are to teach, since they must put in so many hours learning (ineffectually) *how* to teach; that is, under the present system teachers are not born, but unmade. Dr. Conant does not, by the symmetrical simplicities some have indulged in, decide that teachers are simply born and *cannot* be made, that the *what* precludes any learning of the *how*. But he would have the latter taught in the one place where it can be learned—in the classroom of a good teacher. He recommends an "interne" system—Kildare picking up the classroom authority of Gillespie. This should be part of the very education of educators, and on it should be based the college's own certification of its graduate. Even after certification, there should be a kind of "residency" that leads to higher professional status. Educationists are already objecting that teachers cannot be trusted to assess teachers, that the schools cannot be made responsible for their product—but if they can't, who can? Certainly not those who have organized the present chaos. Dr. Conant's recommendations could not possibly make things worse; they might well make them better; and beyond a doubt they are going to make them more exciting for several years to come.

G. WILLS

DECISION-MAKING IN THE WHITE HOUSE: *The Olive Branch or the Arrows*, by Theodore C. Sorensen (Columbia, $3.50). Presidential adviser Sorensen is concerned with just what it is that influences Presidential decisions, and readers will be concerned with just what it was that prompted Sorensen to lay pen to paper. The trouble with the "scientific" approach to the study of politics is that human political behavior is eminently unscientific—so its practitioners often are reduced to a boring, pseudo-technical restatement of the obvious. Sorensen's book is just that: "In short, each President must determine for himself how best to elicit and assess the advice of his advisers." And: ". . . the only way to assure good Presidential decisions is to elect and support good Presidents." We do learn, however, that President Kennedy was not told of Soviet missiles in Cuba the night their existence was finally confirmed, because such news might have troubled "Presidential sleep—an all too rare and therefore carefully guarded commodity." See?

A. E. GOLLAN

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER: CRITIC OF THE SEVEN ARTS, by Arnold T. Schwab (Stanford, $8.25). The son of a friend of Poe and himself a friend of Whitman, James Huneker was America's foremost importer of European culture—music, books, painting, and talk—in the gaudy days when Wagner was pornographic, Nietzsche a whispered name, and Anthony Comstock protected us from D'Annunzio. As critic, interpreter, connoisseur and novelist, Huneker educated American taste at a level that no single critic has ever again attained. He took Gautier for his model and acted accordingly, becoming the leader of the Higher Bohemia in all its enthusiasms. He seems to have met everybody, to have got up his homework, day by day, in every art. He wrote the first American critique of Joyce; he collaborated with John Quinn and Alfred Stieglitz in bringing modern French painting to America; he championed James, Conrad, and Dreiser when conventional critics could see nothing in them. His influence was wide; Henry Mencken and George Jean Nathan were his disciples, and much in American culture can be traced to his lively instigation. Prof. Schwab presents Huneker in this clearly written, rich biography as "the pre-eminent aesthetic explorer of his generation," the defender and often the introducer of Ibsen, Shaw, Strindberg, Strauss, Debussy, Schönberg, Cézanne, and Matisse. Our credulity is taxed—and charmed—to see him suggesting to Dvorak the use of spirituals as themes, helping the ancient Whitman onto streetcars, sitting beside Debussy in a music theory class, drinking with Flaubert, insulting Matthew Arnold, and shouting from one train to another at the mortified Rudyard Kipling that he ought to be ashamed of his prose. A book as captivating as it is informative.

G. DAVENPORT

THE LIVING REED, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day, $6.95). You will not believe it, but Pearl Buck has written *another* novel. *The Living Reed* purports to be a fictionalized account of America's diplomatic relations with Korea from 1881 to 1950. As is her wont, Miss Buck speaks out with force and righteousness on a subject with which she is totally incompetent to deal. The years, let her fans rest assured, have done nothing to alter a wretched style: "The year was 4232 after Tangun of Korea and 1910 after Jesus of Judea. The season was the tenth of the first moon month, the hour was midnight." With a skill which only a charter subscriber to *Popular Mechanics* could appreciate, the author tells us with inordinate detail, how to: build an icehouse; grow silkworms; conduct a Korean funeral; and finally, that theme on which she has no peer in all the world, how to conceive and give birth to a Chinese baby. With her latest novel, Miss Buck adds to a long shelf of works whose outstanding characteristic is that they constitute, on the part of one author, the longest, most sustained history of mediocrity in English letters.

H. H. VAN LENTEN

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To the Editor

The November 5 Issue

Your issue of Nov. 5, 1963 was the finest issue you have ever published, or anybody else for that matter.

All I can say to NATIONAL REVIEW is wow, and wish you many more fine issues like this one. It was truly marvelous.

Waltham, Mass. JAMES A. FOLEY

Amen, amen, amen to Clare Boothe Luce's "The Seven Deadly Sins of Madame Nhu"!

New York, N.Y. MARIE LOUISE ROBINSON

Clare Boothe Luce really called the turn on the tragic overthrow and murder of the Diem government in Vietnam, if not with the active connivance, at least with the willing consent, of our State Department.

Waynesboro, Ga. JOHN J. JONES

I found both "What's Really Going on in Vietnam," by the Archbishop of Hué and "The Seven Deadly Sins of Madame Nhu" by Clare Boothe Luce refreshing, factual and enlightening—in clear contrast to the "captured" press.

Chicago, Ill. VINCENT L. KNAUS

Whether Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce erred or *NR*'s editorial-proofreading division goofed, I don't know. Nonwhites all together (Negroes, orientals, etc.) total no more than *twelve* per cent of our total population—not "twenty" as is reported on page 398.

Philadelphia, Pa. GEORGE C. KENNEDY JR.

I feel it absolutely necessary to write and say how totally I agree with the analysis made by Frank S. Meyer in his article "Conservatism and the Goldwater Consensus."

It is so clear and provides such complete coverage in a short article I would hope copies of it could be made available.

DOROTHY L. SOBEK

Rolling Hills Estates, Calif.

Frank S. Meyer's article said, "Conservatism has come of age; but it would be utopian to believe that any political victory . . . could by itself fulfill the conservative vision." He said what has been bothering me, for even Sen. Goldwater won't be able to perform miracles of abolishing with one wave of the magic wand all the evils which are the culmination of thirty years of federalization.

So, please, Mr. Meyer, write more to remind us that conservatism will not die, even if Senator Goldwater's Presidential hope does.

Richmond, Va. MRS. BROADDUS JONES

Addendum

NATIONAL REVIEW's post-election analysis [Nov. 19]—along with most other press reports—overlooked Indiana. Before election day, Republicans reigned in only one of the 23 leading Hoosier cities. In the elections they won *sixteen*. Viewed alongside the Democratic decline in Philadelphia, these results presage a massive protest vote against Kennedy's extremism on civil rights—a protest vote in the *cities*, where Kennedy must win big or be swamped nationally.

Pelham Manor, N.Y. NEIL MCCAFFREY

Rights and Wrongs

With respect to Mr. Kilpatrick's dissertation on civil rights [Sept. 24], it has occurred to me that a person licensed as an innkeeper or motel or hotel operator makes a unilateral offer of accommodation to the public at a certain price. Where an individual accepts this unilateral offer it becomes a bilateral contract in much the same way as a department store clerk must sell an article displayed for sale once an individual indicates his intention to buy it.

The whole legal issue, to this observer at least, should be settled by the law of contracts, surely the juridical basis of a competitive, free enterprise society. If Mr. Kilpatrick accepts this proposition and still holds to his view that Negroes are excepted from the operation of this principle of law, common to both the French and Anglo-American systems, then in all honesty he must declare that Negroes fall outside the ambit of the law of contracts—in short, that the ordinary private law rights of citizens are not available to them.

From a purely theoretical standpoint this is precisely what he has said, although I am afraid he would be the last to admit it. After all, Mr. Kilpatrick is an editor and not a jurist.

Montreal, P.Q. GERALD COOPER

Mr. Kilpatrick's article on the civil rights bill is not so conspicuous for what it says as for what it lacks. Since these lacks are so apparent among conservatives in general and the NATIONAL REVIEW in particular, I cannot refrain from commenting upon them.

For all his professed pain of conscience over the possible dangers of

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the bill to individual rights, he is strangely silent regarding the definitive actions of the few states against the individual. Admittedly, his article is confined to the bill, yet if he proposes to defend the rights of the few states in the name of individual human freedom, should he not exhibit passing concern for the disregard of that value by a few states? Why is his conscience so constantly alert to the possible dangers of the federal bill and so inert to the far more obvious and cynical actions of certain governors?

If he may (or may not) pardon the analogy, Mr. Kilpatrick has a great deal in common with those American apologists of Communism who see so much bad in their own country that they see only good in Cuba and Russia. If he expects to be taken sincerely in his regard for the individual, simple logic (and decency) certainly would require as much concern for the openly flouted violations of individual dignity by the few states, as for the more debatable violations by the Federal Government.

Grinnell, Iowa LAUREN G. LEIGHTON

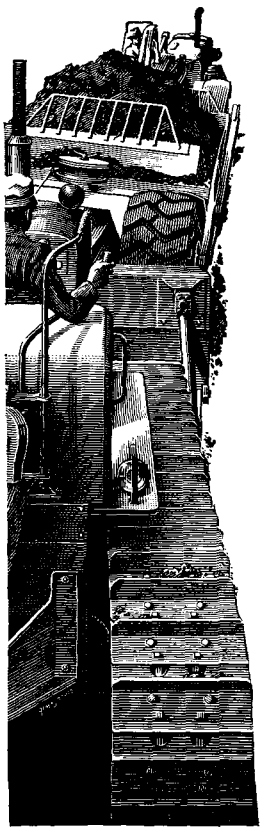
"Civil Rights and Legal Wrongs" is the finest statement I have read concerning the dangerous new civil rights proposals. It pointed out concisely and unemotionally the bill's potential for absolute power and corruption. Everyone who associates the term "states' rights" with "racist"—and an alarming number of Southern upper-class pseudo-liberals do—should read this to discover how the rights of *all* of us are faring at the hands of political expedience, opportunism and misguided liberalism.

Atlanta, Ga. MRS. RICHARD LEE SIMMS JR.

Mr. Kilpatrick Replies:

I might suggest to Mr. Cooper that one of the essentials of the law of contract, as that law is described to me, is that it usually involves a willing seller and a willing buyer. Anyhow, this general rule seems to me essential to a free society. Under the civil rights bill, this rule would be abandoned altogether: the Negro would be free to buy, but the white retailer or restaurateur would *not* be free *not* to sell. In the curious vocabulary of the New Frontier, this is defined as equality.

As for Mr. Leighton's letter, it may be said only that one cannot pack



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George Washington's
Farewell Address
September 19, 1796

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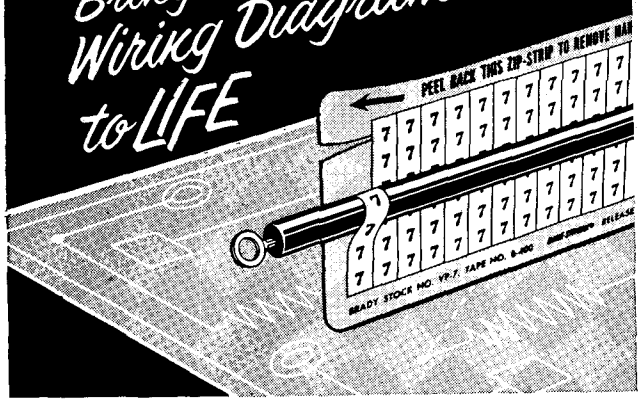

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everything into a single article—even an article as long as this one. The southern states unquestionably have much to be ashamed of in the humiliations they have imposed on the Negro by deliberate state policies; some of the southern states merit emphatic condemnation for the chicanery and intimidation practiced by some registrars in preventing qualified Negroes from registering and voting.

These are points of view I expound all the time, but I can't expound all of my views all the time.

Richmond, Va. JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Errata

The November 5 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW reports on page 382: "Highlander Research and Education Center in Nashville, Tennessee. . . ." Much to our distress, Highlander is located in Knoxville, at 1625 Riverside Drive, S.E.

Knoxville, Tenn. EDWIN D. BERNARD

You made a minor but irritating error in the notes about the contributors to your issue of October 22 when you stated (p. 327) that Harry V. Jaffa professes political science at "the University of Ohio."

There is no such place. Professor Jaffa is Professor of Political Science at *The Ohio State University,* which is usually referred to as "Ohio State."

For your information there is also an institution called Ohio University at Athens and another called Ohio Northern University at Ada, but there is no University of Ohio.

Columbus, Ohio EMMETT D. GRAYBILL JR.

(Continued from p. 481)

maining churches, the majority of worshipers are old women. But in 1930-1931 I also saw mostly old women. And the old women of today must have been young then! The churches only harbor the top of the iceberg. There is infinitely more below . . . The Orthodox churches with their colorful services are a wonderful experience. You never see members of the new ruling class, there; only faces and expressions that today are rare. Here there is again communion between an Eternal God and His unhappy children, poor and shabbily clad, true "proletarian" outcasts of a new, predominantly godless, petty bourgeois society.

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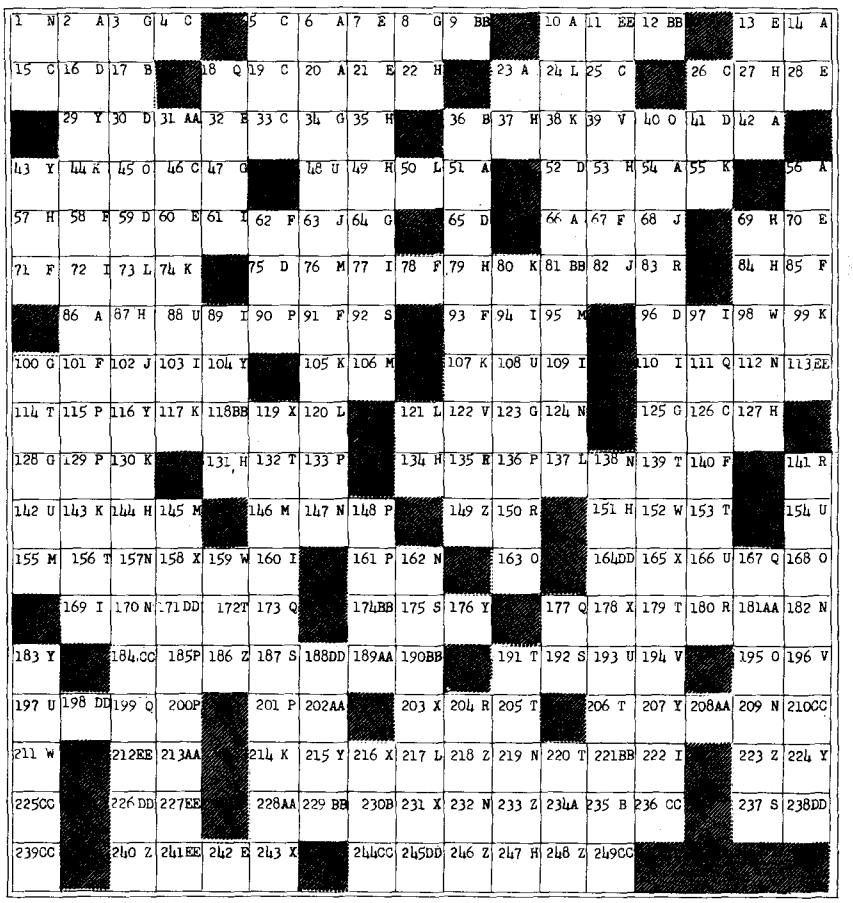
TRANS-O-GRAMS

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Body of water (2 wds.).	10 234 86 20 66 42 54 6
	2 56 14 23 51
B. Curve.	36 235 17 230
C. Name of two presidents.	4 26 25 5 33 15 19 126 46
D. Put on (past tense).	30 52 59 65 75 41 16 96
E. Name of two presidents.	32 70 28 21 60 13 7 242
F. Appearance at.	93 91 71 62 58 140 101 85 78 67
G. General in three wars.	128 123 100 125 8 64 47 3 34
H. Real estate transaction (2 wds.).	127 57 27 84 22 87 131 69 151
	49 247 37 134 53 144 35 79
I. Freedom.	72 61 222 109 110 89 94 160 97 77 169 103
J. Eft.	63 82 68 102
K. Liberty's cornerstone.	214 38 74 55 105 80 107 143 117 99 44 130
L. Eight-sided figure.	50 217 121 137 24 73 120
M. Large city in Old World.	145 76 146 95 106 155
N. Act. of informing.	162 112 124 219 1 209 232 157 138 170 147 182
O. General in Civil War.	40 45 163 195 168

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. General in World War II.	129 161 115 133 200 185 201 148 136 90
Q. General in Mexican War.	177 167 18 173 199 111
R. Soft.	180 150 204 83 141 135
S. Millionaire's boat.	92 175 237 192 187
T. Freedom for a nation.	179 114 220 139 132 153 172 156 206 191 205
U. To will.	88 154 142 48 166 193 197 108
V. State in the West.	39 194 196 122
W. To tear.	152 159 211 98
X. Native of a Southern state.	243 178 119 165 158 231 203 216
Y. Enabling to pay.	207 29 43 215 176 104 116 224 183
Z. State in the East.	246 186 240 223 149 233 248 218
AA. Large city in U.S.	228 189 31 202 213 181 208
BB. What the president did to the troops.	190 221 81 118 229 174 9 12
CC. Provided funds.	244 239 236 210 184 249 225
DD. Barbering.	226 188 238 171 198 245 164
EE. Eating utensil.	212 113 227 241 11



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess thirty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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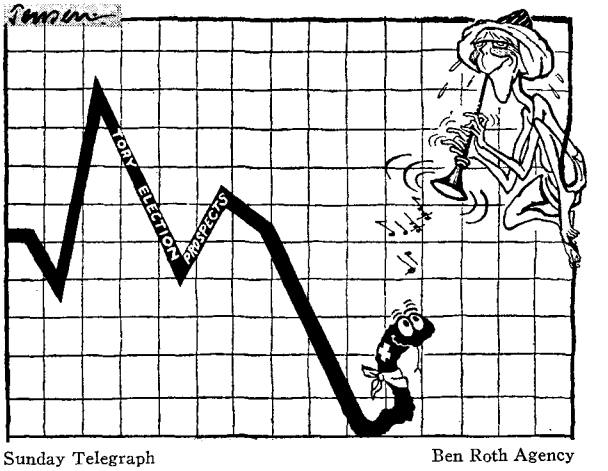
For The Record

Congress may recess a lot sooner than predicted, possibly within the next two weeks. Only important order of business is Senate-House conference on foreign aid bill. Latest reports are that foreign aid appropriations (as against authorization) will be $3 billion—or less. . . . Sen. Dodd, in famous blast at Senate Democratic leadership, also gave it to the GOP: ". . . the opposition has become . . . so weak, so decadent, so fallen, so anxious to curry public opinion, that it does not say what it should be saying." . . . State Department, faced with possibility that two of its officers, including one Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, might be brought up on perjury charges in Otepka case, has "accepted their resignations."

UN investigation of Buddhist persecutions in South Vietnam won't be pressed under the circumstances, but it might be noted that Abdul Rhaman Pazhwak, of Afghanistan, who headed the group, abstained four years ago on the vote condemning Red China for the persecution (including murder) of 50,000 Tibetan Buddhists. . . . Afro-Asians so irate over U Thant's finding that the "Portuguese Government is not opposed to the principle of self-determination [in its African territories]" they may well call Security Council meeting to reject the UN's own report.

Editors of Yale undergraduate "Course Critique" somewhat embarrassed. Their report on Hero Prof. Fred Barghoorn's course in Soviet Government and Politics reads: "His dull monotone, his lack of organization and repetition of subject matter tend to make Mr. Barghoorn's lectures often not worthwhile."

Civil rights leaders in New York passing the word around that "bussing" (the new kind) is out. Compulsory transfer of children out of their own school districts on purely racial grounds will have serious political consequences (Nov. 5 having indicated same). . . . Insiders in Rockefeller camp say Rocky was so anxious to get former GOP National Chairman Meade Alcorn to run his campaign he offered him $50,000 on a one-day-a-week basis. . . . Question being widely asked: What exactly were Robert Welch's words on widely discussed "Ladies of the Press" last Oct. 24? From transcript: "Q. Do you describe John Foster Dulles as a Communist in it ("The Politician")? A. I described John Foster Dulles as a Communist. I say he was a Communist. I'm willing to state so here that in my opinion he was always a Communist from the days that he was working for Edward Mandel House in 1919."



Sunday Telegraph — Ben Roth Agency

Troubles in the making: Iron Curtain sources report South Vietnamese Communist agents now setting up propaganda offices in Cuba, Algeria, Eastern Europe. Prof. Nguyen-yan-Hieu, a Vietnamese CP Central Committee member, arrived in Prague from Moscow last week to control operation. . . . Black market price of Cambodian riel doubled within 24 hours of Prince Sihanouk's (refreshing) announcement that he was cutting off American aid.

Straight-talker Averell Harriman last week put his finger on exactly what's wrong with the Alianza. What it needs, he said, "is greater multilateralization of effort."

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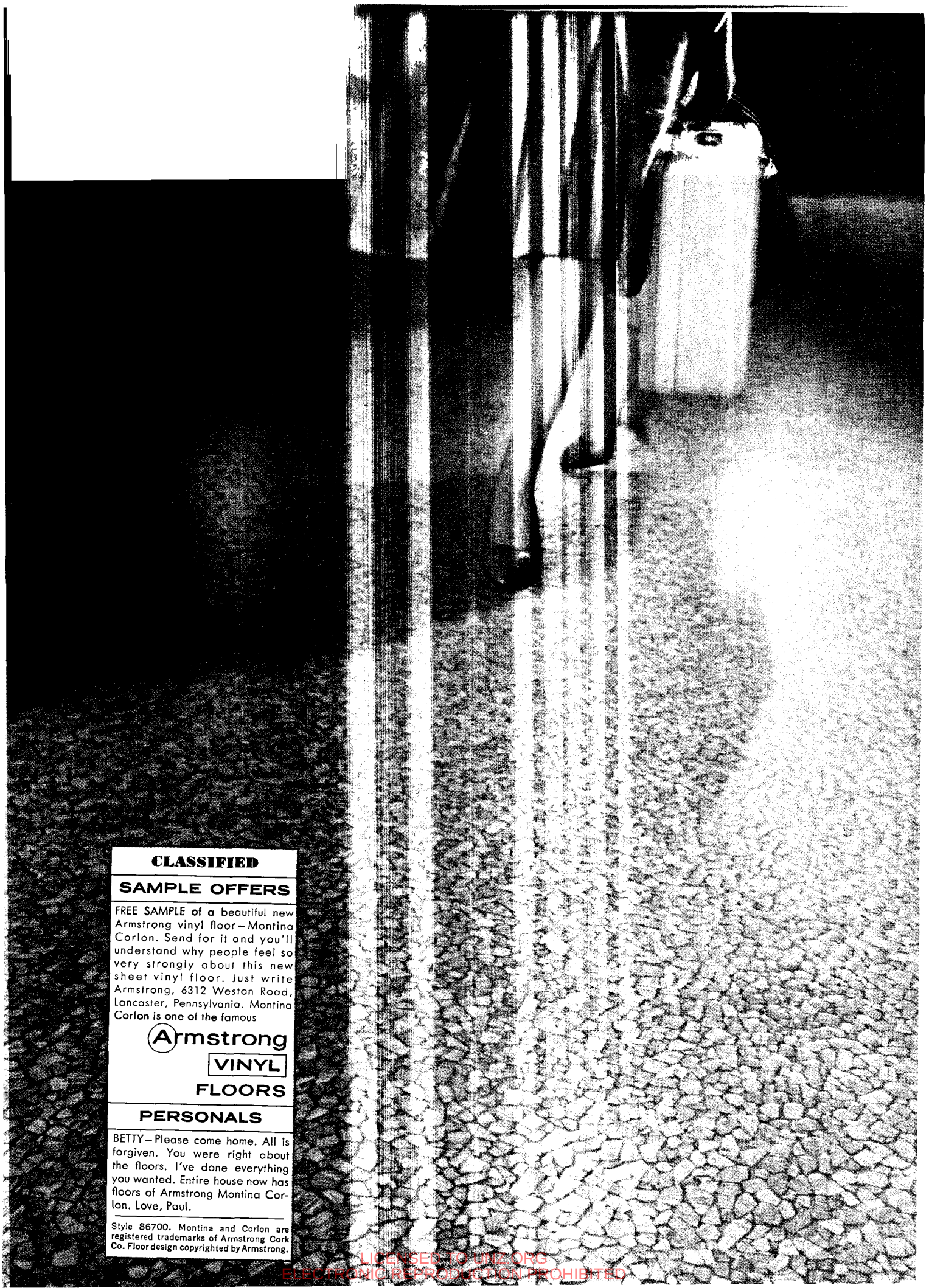

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